

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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AFTER LONG YEARS.

I LOVED a woman once : she was not fair,
But simple, lovable, and good.
I think she loved me too, but we
Swaddled our love with secrecy,
And ne'er used lip or speech to bring more near
The end which each heart would.

A tender eyelash lifted thoughtfully,
Or with uneasy haste let fall ;
A smother'd trembling in a touch
At greeting, which scarce asked so much ;
A painful silence, or a painless sigh,
Light as spring airs, — was all.

Love's bud was ripe to burst into a flower,
With least unguarded touch of fate.
Who sows fair joys to reap in tears ?
We were wise-headed for our years ;
And too shrewd reckoning robb'd love of its
dower,
And foresight would bid wait.

Where is that old love now ? Was it so well ?
Good sooth, we never shall be wed.
Years have made sport of each since then :
'Twere strange chance we should meet
again.

Where is my old love now ? I cannot tell ;
But know our loves are dead.

Yet even to-night — yea, often — though to
think
That I have lost her yields no pain —
Like a half-unforgotten dream
Across my thought, as moonbeams gleam
O'er some unruffled lake from brink to brink,
Floats the dead love again.

If any newer love held me in thrall
I should not deem myself untrue.
To meet her, and behold her changed,
Long wed, or wither'd, or estranged,
Would bring my heart no grief nor fret at all,
As least frown once could do.

Yet even sometimes, thinking should I still,
Could I but meet one once so dear,
Feel that warm shudder in the blood,
Find her as lovable and good,
Or watch her eye with the old languor fill, —
I shrink with shame and fear.

— Argosy.

T. A. HE.

AS DAY BY DAY.

As day by day the years go on,
I sometimes sit and ponder,
Will all be gone when love is gone ?
What comes instead, I wonder !

It must be strange to wake at morn,
And not fall back on dreaming,
Not e'en to feel one is forlorn,
Nor miss the love-lights gleaming.

So day by day, so old and grey,
The people go on living,
Till life hath taken all away,
And death begins its givings.

— Argosy.

COURAGE, DEAR HEART.

Courage, dear heart, we must not both despair,
Somewhere the sun is shining even now,
Shining on laughing brooks and meadows fair,
Stirring the very breeze that frets your brow ;
Surely the path will open farther on —
'Tis but a little way that we have gone.

Yes, it is hard, the drenching, blinding mist,
That if it could would shut me out from you ;
The snake Despair that from its fastness hissed,
The fair false hope that to the ravine drew ;
But we were saved, we are God's children yet,
He will not let us go though we forget.

And even on our toilsome way there come
Sweet scents from bruised flowers and winds
astray ;
The sound of sunshine in the wild bees' hum,
While tamed with fear the birds around us
play ;
The very dumb things gain some good from
harm ;
Courage from fright, and boldness from alarm.

Still, it is hard, no darkness will be light,
Though we should call it light from night till
morn ;
We can but wait until the dawning bright
Shall show us how it was we were forlorn :
Not all forlorn, through deepest darkness, friend ;
Love's joy alone doth never change nor end.

— Argosy.

Part of an article in Fraser's Magazine.

WILLIAM COBBETT.

WILLIAM Cobbett was born in this house in 1762. It was then the residence of his father, a small farmer, and does not seem to have been much altered in appearance. It is a decent-looking brown-roofed house, with two small windows on each side of the open door, and five on the second floor; the sign of 'The Jolly Farmer' set on a pole in front, and the thick grove shading it on each flank and rising high above the chimneys. In my own home in a distant part of the kingdom, Cobbett's name chanced to mix with some of the earliest circumstances of my childhood. My father, who was then a kind of Tory, had in his younger days been a Radical reformer, and subscriber to the *Political Register*, of which paper a long row of volumes bound in red stood on a shelf in his bedroom. Always curious about books, I did not fail to turn these over, and to ask the meaning of the *Gridiron* picture, and who Cobbett was, though I could not make much of what I was told, or enjoy, until long afterwards, the variety, vigour, and amusing unreasonableness of that famous agitator. Cobbett has left, dispersed through a hundred volumes or more, many pleasing touches of autobiography, which are now the best parts of his writing, and which might easily be combined into a distinct picture.

With respect to my ancestors [he says], I shall go no further back than my grandfather, and for this plain reason — that I never heard talk of any prior to him. He was a day-labourer; and I have heard my father say that he worked for one farmer from the day of his marriage to that of his death, upwards of forty years. He died before I was born; but I have often slept beneath the same roof that sheltered him, and where his widow dwelt for many years after his death. It was a little thatched cottage, with a garden before the door. It had but two windows; a damson-tree shaded one, and a clump of filberts the other. Here I and my brothers went every Christmas and Whitsuntide to spend a week or two, and torment the poor old woman with our noise and dilapidations. She used to give us milk and bread for breakfast, and apple-pudding for dinner, and a piece of bread and cheese for our supper. Her fire was made of turf cut from the neighbouring heath; and her evening light was a rush dipped in grease.

George Cobbett, this old cottager's son, who from an earning of twopence a day as ploughboy had been able to attend an

evening school, was 'learned for a man in his rank of life,' understood land-surveying, and had the reputation among his country neighbours of possessing experience and understanding. 'He was honest, industrious, and frugal,' and happy in a wife of his own rank, liked, beloved, and respected.' He became tenant of a farm, on which he and his sons laboured vigorously:

My father used to boast that he had four boys, the eldest of whom was but fifteen years old, who did as much work as any three men in the parish of Farnham. . . . I do not remember the time [says William, the third (?) of these boys] when I did not earn my own living. My first occupation was driving the small birds from the turnip-seed, and the rooks from the pease. When I first trudged afield, with my wooden bottle and my satchel swung over my shoulders, I was hardly able to climb the gates and stiles; and at the close of the day, to reach home was a task of infinite difficulty. My next employment was weeding wheat, and leading a single horse at harrowing barley. Hoeing pease followed; and hence I arrived at the honour of joining the reapers in harvest, driving the team, and holding the plough.

William's love of gardening, which remained with him through life, showed itself early. When six years old —

I climbed up the side of a steep sand-rock [doubtless this one behind the house], and there scooped me out a plot of four feet square to make me a garden, and the soil for which I carried up in the bosom of my little blue smock-frock.

One sees clearly the sturdy, ruddy, whitish-haired little rustic, with twinkling grey eyes, in his blue smock and hobnailed shoes, hoeing pease, scaring the rooks, rolling down a sand-bank with his brothers, now and again running away from his work to follow the hounds, with the certainty of losing his dinner, and the probability of being 'basted' on his return: and on winter evenings learning from his father the arts of reading and writing.

I have some faint recollection of going to school to an old woman, who, I believe, did not succeed in learning me my letters. . . . As to politics, we were like the rest of the country people in England; that is to say, we neither knew nor thought anything about the matter. The shouts of victory or the murmurs of a defeat would now and then break in upon our tranquillity for a moment; but I do not ever remember having seen a newspaper in my father's house.

The American war, however, gradually took hold of the attention even of country-folk. George Cobbett was a partisan of the Americans, and had many a dispute on the subject, over a pot of good ale, with a shrewd old Scotchman, the gardener of a nobleman in the neighbourhood. The boys, who were sometimes listeners to these discussions, always thought their father right — 'There was but one wise man in the world, and that one was our father.'

Let us now into the 'Jolly Farmer,' and drink a glass of the famous Farnham ale. It would seem that Cobbett's father not only farmed, but also kept a public-house here, but of this I am not quite sure. William, who is never tired of bragging of his father as a working farmer, is silent, so far as I know, as to the selling of ale. Alas! they give us *Windsor* ale — have no Farnham. Why at so many places, even some that are widely noted for brewing, do they give you beer of some other town? Intervention between producer and consumer (which Cobbett used to rail against, and which is vastly increased in our day) is at work in this matter too; supporting at the cost of the community a far too numerous class of mere transmitters. One can hardly buy a fish, now-a-days, on the sea-store, or a pound of butter in a country village, direct from a dairy. Before the article is allowed to reach your hands, several people, in addition to the producer, are determined to squeeze a profit out of it. 'Yes,' the man said, 'Cobbett was born in this house, in the room above the parlour.' The front part of the house remains nearly unaltered, but another set of rooms has been added at the back. The parlour, a low room with a beam across the ceiling, has an engraving of William Cobbett, Esq., M. P., over the fireplace. A corporal of the Military Train, who was drinking beer, knew something of Cobbett's history, and was clear as to the number of his regiment (54th), which I had forgotten. Diligent a boy as William Cobbett was, and dutiful to his parents, he was always determined to see something of the world outside of his parish. He ran away from home three times, — to Kew, to Portsmouth, to London. The first escapade he described, fifty years after, in an address to Reformers, when he was candidate for the city of Coventry in 1820:

At eleven years of age my employment was clipping of box-edgings and weeding beds of flowers in the garden of the Bishop of Winchester, at the castle of Farnham, my native town. I had always been fond of beautiful

gardens; and a gardener who had just come from the king's gardens at Kew, gave such a description of them as made me instantly resolve to work in these gardens.

Next morning, accordingly, the boy walked off, and towards the evening of a day in June reached Richmond with three-pence in his pocket.

I was trudging through Richmond, in my blue smock-frock and my red garters tied under my knees, when staring about me my eyes fell upon a little book in a bookseller's window, on the outside of which was written 'Tale of a Tub — price three-pence.' The title was so odd, that my curiosity was excited.

Instead of supper, he bought the little book, and carried it off to the shady side of a haystack:

It was something so new to my mind, that though I could not at all understand some of it, it delighted me beyond description; and it produced what I have always considered a sort of birth of intellect. I read on till it was dark without any thought about supper or bed. When I could see no longer, I put my little book in my pocket, and tumbled down by the side of the stack, where I slept till the birds in Kew Gardens awakened me in the morning; when off I started to Kew, reading my little book. The singularity of my dress, the simplicity of my manners, my confident and lively air, and doubtless his own compassion besides, induced the gardener, who was a Scotchman, I remember, to give me victuals, find me lodging, and set me to work.

One day —

The present king [George IV., then a boy of about the same age as little Cobbett] and two of his brothers laughed at the oddness of my dress, while I was sweeping the grass plot around the foot of the pagoda.

This queer little book, 'The Tale of a Tub,' was mainly composed within a couple of miles of Farnham, some eighty years before little William walked to Kew.

At the age of 20, Cobbett went on board the *Pegasus* man-of-war, at Spithead, and offered himself for the navy, but Captain Berkeley thought fit to refuse his request. Next year, one May day, the young man, dressed in his holiday clothes, was on his way to Guildford fair. He was at foot of a hill, and the London stage-coach came down towards him at a merry rate.

The notion of going to London never entered my mind till this very moment, yet the step was completely determined on before the coach came to the spot where I stood. Up I got, and

was in London about nine o'clock in the evening.

He had but half a crown left. One of the passengers who knew the lad's father, after vainly trying to persuade young Cobbett to return to Farnham, procured him employment in a lawyer's office at Gray's Inn — a detestable dungeon, in which he worked at 'quill-driving' for about eight months.

Walking one Sunday in St. James' Park, he saw an advertisement, 'To Spirited Young Men,' went down to Chatham, enlisted, remained a year in garrison, giving his leisure time to reading, and was then shipped off to Nova Scotia to join his regiment; where, being intelligent, well conducted, and indefatigably hard-working, he rose with unusual speed to the rank of sergeant-major. In person, he was tall, burly, ruddy, with obstinate mouth and jaw, and shrewd small grey eyes; on the whole, with a true, downright, positive, good-humored John Bull aspect. When he first saw his wife, she was only thirteen years old. She was the daughter of a sergeant-major in the artillery, and William Cobbett was sergeant-major (perhaps the youngest in the army) of a regiment of foot, both stationed in forts near the city of St. John, New Brunswick.

I sat in the same room with her for about an hour, in company with others, and I made up my mind that she was the very girl for me. That I thought her beautiful is certain, for that I had always said should be an indispensable qualification; but I saw in her what I deemed marks of that sobriety of conduct of which I have said so much, and which has been by far the greatest blessing of my life. It was now dead of winter, and, of course, the snow several feet deep on the ground, and the weather piercing cold. It was my habit, when I had done my morning's writing [he rose at four o'clock], to go out at break of day to take a walk on a hill, at the foot of which our barracks lay. In about three mornings after I had first seen her, I had, by an invitation to breakfast with me, got up two young men to join me in my walk; and our road lay by the house of her father and mother. It was hardly light, but she was out on the snow scrubbing out a washing-tub. 'That's the girl for me,' said I, when we had got out of her hearing.

They were engaged; but, after a time, the artillery went to England, and she along with them.

Cobbett had saved 150*l.*, and this he sent to his 'little brunette' before she sailed, desiring her not to spare the money, but

buy herself good clothes and live without hard work. It was four long years after this when Cobbett's regiment returned to England, and

I found [he says] my little girl a servant of all work (and hard work it was) at five pounds a year, in the house of a Captain Brissac; and, without hardly saying a word about the matter, she put into my hands the whole of my hundred and fifty pounds unbroken.

The sergeant-major, now 30 years old, obtained his discharge (this was in 1792) and immediately accused four officers of his regiment of embezzlement and keeping false accounts. A court-martial was granted, but on the day of trial no accuser appeared. Cobbett had gone to France with his new married wife. Thence, after six months, they sailed to America. In 1794, Cobbett, then in Philadelphia, began authorship by writing certain pamphlets under the signature of *Peter Porcupine*. These were violently anti-democratic, opposed to all the views then popular in France and America, and made a great noise. Then, as all through his career, he delighted in opposing and attacking; and the title of one of these pamphlets, *A Kick for a Bite*, truly indicates his manner of carrying on a controversy. Cobbett afterwards opened a bookseller's shop in Second Street. He was recommended not to expose any thing in his window that might provoke the populace.

I saw the danger; but also saw that I must, at once, set all danger at defiance, or live in everlasting subjection to the prejudices and caprice of the democratical mob.

When he took down his shutters, the window of the new shop was seen to be filled with portraits of royal and aristocratic personages, George III. in a prominent position and 'every picture that I thought likely to excite rage in the enemies of Great Britain.' The bold bookseller was attacked in newspapers and pamphlets, and by threatening letters, but his shop and person remained without scathe. At this time, the first of many suits for libel was brought against Cobbett by the Spanish Minister for an attack upon himself and his royal master in *Porcupine's Gazette*; this was followed by an action on the part of one Dr. Rush, who treated yellow fever by bleeding, and whom *Porcupine* called 'Sangrado' and 'quack' — probably with truth. But in this case Cobbett was fined 5,000 dollars and costs, and 'sold up' by

the sheriff. Soon after, he returned to England, already noted as a journalist, and set up in London a daily paper, *The Porcupine*. This soon came to a stop; and then began in 1802 the famous *Political Register*, which appeared, first fortnightly, then weekly, and continued, almost without a break, during more than thirty years. At first, Cobbett was a warm anti-Napoleonist, partisan of Pitt, and defender of aristocratic institutions. At the Peace of Amiens he refused to light up his windows in Pall Mall (where his shop was), and had them smashed by the mob. Six persons were convicted for taking share in this outrage; the jury recommended them to mercy, and the prisoners' counsel asked Mr. Cobbett if he would join in the recommendation? 'Certainly not, sir,' was the reply, 'I came here to ask for justice, and not for mercy.'

In the early volumes of the *Register* some of the most amusing things are Cobbett's violent attacks on Sheridan, and also his denunciations of the study of Greek and Latin as 'worse than useless,' his ire having been roused by the frequent employment of the phrase *uti possidetis* in some of the parliamentary debates. Cobbett had his own notions of 'culture'; he never regretted the early narrowness of his education as a farmer's boy, but vaunted it to be the very best in the world. Without this kind of education, or something very much like it, —

I should have been at this day [he says in *Rural Rides*] as great a fool, as inefficient a mortal, as any of those frivolous idiots that are turned out from Winchester and Westminster schools, or from any of those dens of dances called colleges and universities.

Here, after Warton and Keats, we have a very distinct third variety of the Writing Man. As to poetry and philosophy, Cobbett held them in the most hearty and genuine contempt. His ignorance of all that is highest in literature was immense, and he was immensely proud of it. The broad-shouldered, beetle-browed, shrewd, indefatigable, self-esteeming, pugnacious, obstinate man, unlearned and unimaginative, crammed with prejudices and personal likings and dislikings, looked upon his own *practical common sense* as the final standard of everything in heaven and earth. When he set up the *Register*, Cobbett was about forty years old, and he soon became a political power in the kingdom, and a thorn, or a whole bush of thorns, in the side of the ministry — of every ministry in turn. He

was never quiet for a day, always fighting twenty people at a time, and knocking them down in turn with his cudgel, like Master Punch. In 1803 he came under two fines of 500*l.* each for libels on members of the Irish Government. Having begun as a partisan of Pitt, he changed round (it was said under the effect of a personal slight), attacked Pitt violently, and his *funding system*; backed Sir Francis Burdett, and became recognised as one of the leading 'Radicals.' In 1810, for an article on the flogging of two militiamen at Ely, he was prosecuted by the Crown, fined 1,000*l.*, and sent to prison for two years. The *Register* for July 14th is dated from 'Newgate;' and the sturdy man is as full of courage and fight as ever.

This work [he says], of which I now begin the *Eighteenth Volume*, has had nothing to support it but its own merits. Not a pound, not even a pound in paper money, was ever expended in advertising it. It came up like a grain of mustard, and like a grain of mustard-seed it has spread over the whole civilised world. And why has it spread more than other publications of the same kind? There have not been wanting imitations of it. There have been some dozens of them, I believe: same size, same form, same type, same heads of matter, same title — all but the word expressing my name. How many efforts have been made to tempt the public away from me, while not one attempt has been made by me to prevent it! Yet all have failed. The changeling has been discovered, and the wretched adventurers have then endeavoured to wreak their vengeance on me. They have sworn that I write badly; that I publish nothing but trash; that I am both fool and knave. But still the readers hang on to me. One would think, as Falstaff says, that I had given them love powder. No; but I have given them as great a rarity, and something full as attractive — namely, *truth in clear language*.

After his two years in prison, Cobbett emerged again, pugnacious and undaunted, though now fifty years old. He had a strong frame, perfect health, and a cheerful temperament, rose early, took plenty of exercise, was very moderate in diet, eschewing wine and spirits, tea and coffee, and also vegetables (which he called 'garden stuff'), and eating as little meat and bread as he could prevail on his teeth to be satisfied with; his drink beer, milk and water. He was very fond of farming, which he understood well, and also of field sports, especially hunting. During the middle part of his life he occupied for some time a farm at Botley, in Hampshire. In his family

life he was one of the most fortunate of men.

I have seven children [he wrote], the greater part of whom are fast approaching the state of young men and young women. I never struck one of them in anger in my life; and I recollect only one single instance in which I have ever spoken to one of them in a really angry tone and manner. And when I had so done, it appeared as if my heart was gone out of my body. It was but once, and I hope it will never be again. . . . In my whole life I never spent one evening away from my own home, and without some part, at least, of my family, if I was not at a distance from that home.

His wife he never tired of praising. Some one lately told me, P. Walker, a little anecdote, belonging doubtless to the Botley time. A gentleman, who told the thing to my informant, was travelling to London inside the Southampton coach. Cobbett, whose name was in everybody's mouth, became the topic of conversation, and was severely handled by the three gentlemen passengers, probably Tories. 'I hear,' says one, 'that he is a tyrant at home, and beats his wife.' On which the lady, hitherto silent in her corner, said, 'Pardon me, sir, a kinder husband and father never breathed; and I ought to know, for I'm his wife.'

How far (if at all) can the domestic life of any public man be usefully considered in connection with his public life, as throwing light on the latter? The domestic life seems to belong to the department of biography, as distinguishable from history. The fact of a man being in the common meaning a good husband, father, friend, or not good, seems in many a case to throw no light at all upon his character as a politician, a soldier, an author. To sum up the total of a man, tracing the connection between his public and private life, is a task which (if at all fit to be attempted) it would be vain to attempt without an extremely unusual command of all the facts. The rule that public men, as such, are to be judged by their public work, seems to be, broadly, the sound one. But here is matter for an essay. Cobbett, in his political writings, continually praised his own domestic virtues. Whether or no this added much weight to his arguments on Paper Currency and Rotten Boroughs, it certainly made his writings more vivacious and readable.

In 1816, Napoleon being finally settled, the British public began to talk loudly of *Parliamentary Reform*; 'Hampden Clubs' were established in every part of the king-

dom muttering of 'universal suffrage' and 'annual parliaments.' Cobbett's *Register* had hitherto been a stamped paper, price a shilling and a half-penny; he now published it unstamped and at the price of twopence. The circulation became enormous, and so in proportion did Cobbett's fame and influence. He had now the largest audience of any living writer, and by unfailing warmth and vigour of style, and reckless personality in abuse of his opponents, kept his public always attentive and amused. Next year the Government, alarmed by the state of the country, passed 'Six Acts' of a repressive character, and suspended the right of Habeas Corpus. Cobbett, not wishing to be clapped in gaol without trial, suddenly moved off to America, where he remained till November, 1819. He resided most of the time in Long Island, and he also travelled to acquire a knowledge of transatlantic farming. In the meantime he kept on sending over his *Register* for publication in England. When the repeal of the obnoxious law enabled him to return, he published *A Year's Residence in America*.

He arrived at Liverpool in November, 1819. When the Custom-House officers examined his luggage, they opened a certain box, and to their surprise found that it contained human bones. 'These gentlemen,' said Cobbett, 'are the mortal remains of the immortal Thomas Paine!' This business of Paine's bones (in the earlier numbers of the *Register* he was 'that miscreant Paine') was a truly comical attempt on the part of an unimaginative elderly man to produce a dramatic effect in real life. It was an attempt in the French style, and it utterly failed in England. Cobbett made a kind of progress through the provincial towns up to London, where he was banqueted by his reform friends at the Crown and Anchor Tavern. As to Paine's bones, he kept on speaking and writing about them for a time as a treasure of immense value. He proposed a public funeral, with 'twenty waggon-loads of flowers' to strew the way. A splendid monument was to be erected. Locks of the deceased patriot's hair were to be soldered into gold rings in Cobbett's own presence, and sold at a guinea each beyond the value of the ring. But the public only laughed, and some reported that Mr. Cobbett had been taken in by the Yankees, and had brought away the bones of an old nigger instead of those of his hero. Cobbett gave up talking of his anatomical treasure, and what became of it nobody knew.

Cobbett at this time, and probably more or

less all through his career, was embarrassed in his money matters. Insolvency was one cause of his flight to America, and he seems at that time to have repudiated his debts on the ground of his having been unjustly treated by 'society as a whole.' He was then made a bankrupt. He was not long returned before in a new action for libel he was cast in 1,000*l.* damages. But neither debt nor obloquy, nor any of the numerous difficulties of his life had any perceptible effect on the spirits and industry of this indomitable man. He seems to have borrowed money largely, and raised it by hook and crook in ways utterly mysterious to ordinary men, who fear their butcher and baker. He blazed away in his *Register* weekly (at this time violently attacking his former ally, Burdett), and in the beginning of the year 1820 he offered himself as a candidate for the borough of Coventry, but was defeated. In Queen Caroline's case he took the Queen's side with his usual vehemence. In 1822, his *Register* for August 17th is addressed to Joseph Swan (a prisoner in Chester jail for some political offence), and begins —

Castlereagh has cut his own throat, and is dead. Let the sound reach you in the depth of your dungeon, and let it convey consolation to your suffering soul.

Canning 'Property Robinson,' and 'Parson Malthus,' were, among many other public characters, objects of constant abuse in the *Register* at this time. He was incessant in vituperation of the borough-mongers and 'tax-eaters;' they were the 'basest of mankind,' 'vermin,' and even 'devils.' He was against standing armies, paper-money, and national debt; modern shop-keeping and locomotion, modern London ('the Wen') and other overpeopled centres; he abhorred Jews, Methodists, Quakers, Bishops, and Malthusians. His opinions were usually on a rational foundation, but built up into ill balanced and grotesque edifices, lop-sided and untenable. Take a specimen of his manner:

There is an 'Emigration Committee' sitting to devise the means of getting rid, not of the idlers, not of the pensioners, not of the dead-weight, not of the parsons (to 'relieve' whom we have seen the poor labourers taxed to the tune of a million and a half of money), not of the soldiers: but to devise means of getting rid of these *working people*, who are grudging even the miserable morsel that they get! There is in the men calling themselves 'English country gentlemen' something superlatively base. They

are, I sincerely believe, the most cruel, the most unfeeling, the most brutally insolent; but I know, I can prove, I can safely take my oath, that they are the most base of all the creatures that God ever suffered to disgrace the human shape. The base wretches know well that the taxes amount to more than *sixty millions* a year, and that the poor rates amount to about *seven millions*; yet, while the cowardly reptiles never utter a word against the taxes, they are incessantly railing against the poor rates, though it is (and they know it) the taxes that make the paupers.

The best thing in Cobbett (for which one must love him, amidst all his faults) is his hearty compassion and kindness for the working classes and the poor, and his unwearyed efforts to improve their condition. His *Cottage Economy* is an excellent book, containing among many other useful things an explanation of how to prepare and use English wheaten straw for the manufacture of hats, bonnets, &c., which has helped many a poor cottager in the struggle for subsistence. One of his periodical publications is called *The Poor Man's Friend*, and this phrase ought to be inscribed on his monument. Nothing makes him more indignant than to see a rich tract of country, here tilled like a garden, there grazed by herds of fat oxen, the downs covered with sheep, the valleys yellow with corn, and to find on this teeming soil the labourers, and the labourers' wives and children, living from year's end to year's end on the scantiest bare subsistence, with no prospect towards the close of their hard life but the workhouse. It was Cobbett's fixed belief that all the country parts of England, including the villages and small towns, were far more populous some centuries ago, that is, in the times called 'medieval,' than they are to-day; and as one evidence of this he points to the vast numbers of cathedrals and churches, built in those times, which still exist all over the land. The English 'Reformation' was one of Cobbett's numerous objects of attack, and he wrote a 'History' of it, in which, as usual, his statements (seldom without a vein of strong sense and originality in them) were vitiated by ignorance and violence.

In 1829-30, Cobbett, now approaching his 70th year, but as hale and vigorous as ever, went through a great part of England, chiefly on horseback, and gave political lectures in many towns and villages. His main topics were the villany of existing methods of taxation, and of the funding principle, and the effect of these on the farming interest; also the 'accursed' rotten

boroughs, and the necessity of Parliamentary Reform. He was an easy and fluent speaker, self-possessed, shrewd and humorous, and spiced his discourses with plenty of amusing egotism and personal allusions to the men of the day.

Though I never attempt [he says] to put forth that sort of stuff which the 'intense' people on the other side of St George's Channel call 'eloquence,' I bring out strings of very interesting facts; I use pretty powerful arguments; and I hammer them down so closely upon the mind, that they seldom fail to produce a lasting impression.

At last 'Reform' was actually carried; a reform which most of the peers, and all the bishops but one, thought almost equivalent to the downfall of the English Constitution, — a reform which *now* is so antiquated, superseded, and surpassed. And in the first Reform parliament, in 1832, William Cobbett took his seat for Oldham. He was now seventy years old. After this he made a political tour in Ireland, and was well received. In Parliament he was regular in attendance, and spoke not unfrequently, for the most part on agricultural questions, and with good sense and moderation. But his ratlike instinct of constantly using his teeth on something or somebody, brought him again into trouble. Differing from Peel on the currency question, Cobbett took the violent and absurd step of moving for an address to the King, praying him to dismiss Sir Robert Peel from the Privy Council. Only three members voted in favour of Cobbett's motion, and his influence in the House was ruined.

In these years Cobbett rented a place called Normandy Farm, within a couple of miles of his native town of Farnham. When he could get away from 'the Wen,' he lived with his wife and children in this plain farmhouse, among his barns and fields, in daily sight of the scenes of his infancy, and engaged in those rural occupations which he delighted in, as much as in his alternate business of fierce political controversy. In the middle of May 1835, Cobbett, though suffering from sore throat, attended the House and spoke, almost inaudibly, in favour of a motion for the repeal of the malt-tax; he grew worse, but again came to the House on the 25th, and spoke and voted on a motion on agricultural distress. Next morning (Tuesday) he went down to his farm, and felt better at first, but relapsed.

On Sunday [writes his son in the *Register* of June 20th] he revived again, and on Monday

gave us hope that he would yet be well. He talked feebly, but in the most collected and sprightly manner, upon politics and farming; wished for 'four days' rain' for the Cobbett-corn and the root crops; and on Wednesday he could remain no longer shut up from fields, but desired to be carried round the farm, which being done, he criticised the work that had been going on in his absence, and detected some little deviation from his orders, with all the quickness that was so remarkable in him. On Wednesday night he grew more and more feeble, and was evidently sinking; but he continued to answer with perfect clearness every question that was put to him. In the last half hour his eyes became dim; and at ten minutes after one p.m. he leaned back, closed them as if to sleep, and died without a gasp. He was seventy-three years old.

A portrait of the sturdy man's personal appearance, in his later days, drawn by William Hazlitt, is life-like:

Mr. Cobbett speaks almost as well as he writes. The only time I ever saw him he seemed to me a very pleasant man, easy of access, affable, clear-headed, simple and mild in his manner, deliberate and unruffled in his speech, though some of his expressions were not very qualified. His figure is tall and portly. He has a good, sensible face, rather full, with little grey eyes, a hard square forehead, a ruddy complexion, with hair grey or powdered; and had on a scarlet broadcloth waistcoat with the flaps of the pockets hanging down, as was the custom for gentlemen-farmers in the last century, or as we see it in the pictures of members of parliament in the reign of George I. I certainly did not think less favourably of him for seeing him.

The 'Bush,' extending from the High Street towards the river-meadows, is a fine large old-fashioned inn, with modern comforts added. I was rather afraid of the waiter at first; his smart dress-coat and white necktie, his handsomely arranged head of hair and elegant manners, making him fit, apparently, to wait upon no one with less than 2,000*l.* a year. But my dread wore off; he proved very civil, and the bill moderate. When I looked from my bedroom window in the morning, it was through a fringe of ivy leaves, on the bloom of three great hawthorns, two pink, one white, the latter with an upright but spiral twisted stem like a Lombardic pillar; and a pretty garden of sward, flower beds, and shrubberies, where the landlord was lovingly at work with his hoe. He told me something of Cobbett, whom he had often seen. When Cobbett was a member of Parliament and living at Normandy Farm (two or three

miles from this town) did he mix with the neighbouring gentry? Hardly at all, the landlord thought,—he went about his own affairs in his own way. He used to drive into Farnham in a carriage that looked as if the fowls had been roosting on it, and with a couple of farm-horses. Mr. Nicholls, formerly postmaster, has some letters of Cobbett to him, which he shows to the curious. Cobbett was dissatisfied with the mode of delivery of his letters by the post office, and insisted upon an alteration with his usual vehemence, but, finding that he was in the wrong, apologised to Mr. Nicholls, and used afterwards to send him frequent presents of fruit and vegetables from the farm. My landlord was at Cobbett's funeral, and saw Daniel O'Connell there. The funeral took place on the 27th of June, 1835, between two and three in the afternoon. The great Irish agitator did not follow the coffin into the church, but stood in the churchyard the while, amidst a circle of observers, to whom he put questions about the land, hops, wages, &c. O'Connell and Cobbett were not unlike: big, burly, blustering, able, noisy fellows, who made themselves heard far and wide. Indefatigably busy, it might have been said of either:

No man more industrious under the sun,—
And much that he does were far better undone.

Each was fond of field sports; fonder still of the turbulent excitement of political contest. Each was powerful in vituperation, great in giving nicknames, full of ready coarse humour of a popular sort, merciless in antagonism, unscrupulous in invective; and, moreover, they had more than once or twice exercised these gifts against each other. Each of the men in his family circle was respected and beloved. In public life they were more like prize-fighters than anything else.

After my conversation with the landlord, I went over to the church, a building of rubble-work, done-up of course, with some remains of good early work in the windows of the tower, which is high, square, and massive. Close to the north porch, enclosed with iron railings, is Cobbett's tombstone, an ugly lump. The leading facts of his life are given in a simply worded inscription on one side; the other side bears record of his wife, Anne Cobbett, born at Woolwich, 1775, died in London, 1848. A headstone close by, within the railings, is inscribed with 'George Cobbett, died 1762,'—this was the old grandfather, the farm-labourer. While I was looking,

an old farm-labourer came through the churchyard and paused beside me,—'Ay, that was Cobbett's grave, that was. I was at his funeral, myself, that I was: I saw O'Connell, he was an Irishman, he was: he stood just here, he did: I saw him myself, I could swear I did.' A very stupid poor man this, and not like what George Cobbett was, I fancy, though in the same rank of life.

William Cobbett, the whitish-haired, ruddy-faced little grandson, in smock frock, scaring birds, weeding, &c., who became a stalwart young sergeant-major, a political writer, farmer, good family man, indefatigable and world-famous journalist and public speaker, member of the House of Commons, was born in that brown-roofed low house just across the river; and here, alongside the graves that he often ran amongst in his childhood, his own bones are now laid to rest. As Ebenezer Elliott sung of him:

Britons honor Cobbett's name,
Though rashly oft he spoke;
And none can scorn, and few will blame
The low-laid heart of oak.

Leaving the churchyard, I walked past the 'Jolly Farmer,' and eastwards from the town, in the direction of Crooksbury Hill, which I had seen from the Bishop's Park, like a lion couchant, with dark fir-trees for mane; and recalled that passage in Cobbett (one of the many which give us a tenderer feeling for his memory), where he describes his visit to Farnham in 1800, after returning from America. He was then 38 years old.

When in about a month after my arrival in London I went to Farnham, the place of my birth, what was my surprise! everything was become so pitifully *small*! I had to cross, in my post-chaise, the long and dreary heath of Bagshot. Then, at the end of it, to mount a hill called Hungry Hill; and from that hill I knew that I should look down into the beautiful and fertile vale of Farnham. My heart fluttered with impatience, mixed with a sort of fear, to see all the scenes of my childhood; for I had learnt before the death of my father and mother. There is a hill, not far from the town, called Crooksbury Hill, which rises up out of a flat in the form of a cone, and is planted with Scotch fir-trees. Here I used to take the eggs and young ones of crows and magpies. This hill was a famous object in the neighbourhood. It served as the superlative degree of height. 'As high as Crooksbury Hill' meant, with us, the utmost degree of height. Therefore the first object that my eyes sought was this hill.

From The Spectator.

I could not believe my eyes! Literally speaking, I for a moment thought the famous hill removed, and a little heap put in its stead; for I had seen in New Brunswick a single rock, or hill of solid rock, ten times as big and four or five times as high! The post-boy, going downhill, and not a bad road, whisked me in a few minutes to the Bush Inn, from the garden of which I could see the prodigious sandhill where I had begun my gardening works. What a nothing! But now came rushing into my mind, all at once, my pretty little garden, my little blue smock-frock, my little nailed shoes, my pretty pigeons that I used to feed out of my hands, the last kind words and tears of my gentle and tender-hearted and affectionate mother! I hastened back into the room. If I had looked a moment longer, I should have dropped.

However we may estimate Cobbett, his life was certainly a *happy* one. He had constant good health and good spirits, a strong will, plenty of work and plenty of amusement, both such as he liked best; he believed in himself, and produced visible effects on the world; he was thoroughly fortunate in his family circle; and ended his career tranquilly at a full age, vigorous to the last, and after having attained the chief object of his ambition, a seat in a Reformed Parliament.

As to his writings, the greater part are of ephemeral character; their style is sturdy, straight-forward, clear, emphatic, but often clumsy, and almost always verbose; the violence and personality which made them so readable from week to week are no better worth recalling than a forgotten street row. The vehemence is not insincere, but one misses a proportionate substratum of wisdom. He catches a glimpse here and a flash there, but has no deep steady insight into principles. In spite of the perspicuity, vigour, and raciness of his pages, the general effect upon the mind is always unsatisfactory. Strength and narrowness combined always give one a very uncomfortable feeling, as of mental incarceration. Much work, however, William Cobbett certainly did do, and with great effect on the 'public opinion' of England; shoving on England with his big shoulder through thick and thin, more than perhaps any other one man, into what is called *Reform*.

Happy the man, of whom the wish and care

Are bounded by a few paternal acres;

Who lives within the county Delaware,

Surrounded by the people called Quakers!

— Alexander Pope — adapted to the circumstances.

HERRING FISHERIES FACTS AND FIGURES.

OF the many harvests which are now gathered from the sea, the herring harvest is perhaps the most interesting; — it is not only a very remunerative, but it is likewise a very pictorial and, in some of its phases, a very romantic industry. It affords employment to a great body of people, and consequently requires the annual circulation of considerable sums of money. It is a harvest that is presented to man gratuitously, that man has no hand in cultivating, that he pays no rent for, and for which he has neither to find seed nor manure. The fishermen at the proper seasons have but to dip their nets in the sea in order to be rewarded with miraculous draughts. Although millions of these fish are every year taken out of the water, millions still remain to fructify and replenish the fishing grounds. Little fortunes are yearly realized by lucky fishermen, and villages and towns have grown up and prospered on the strength of the herring fishery. Wick is truly founded on the herring bones of the Dutch proverb. It is there, instead of at Amsterdam, that we now find all the incidence of "the great fishery;" indeed, the greatness of Holland on the fishing grounds has long since departed, and Scotland has taken its place, with a fleet of thirteen thousand herring boats, and an army of sixty thousand fishermen!

Although the great fishery may be held as concluded for this season, we cannot obtain the official statistics which denote its success till the July of next year. However, so great a harvest cannot be gathered without many witnesses, and, consequently, there are men who can tell pretty accurately the result of the season's catch. There is one man in particular who knows all about it from the moment the first boat enters the water, till the last breadth of nets is dragged on board; that man is Mr. John Mackie, of the *Northern Ensign* office, Wick, who, a few days ago, sent to the *Times* a budget of statistics relative to the present year's herring harvest. It must have been quite a new sensation, to both Mr. Mackie and the *Times*, to write and receive such a pleasant and hopeful epistle, for that gentleman is best known to "the leading journal" and its readers as a begging-letter writer. It is greatly to his credit that when there is a short fishing at Wick — no uncommon occurrence — or a great calamity among the fisher folk of his native land, he

is ready to let all the world know of a channel through which their benevolence may usefully be made to flow. His mission for the present season seems to be the more pleasant one of proclaiming the great success of this year's herring fishery, which, according to Mr. Mackie, is "a fair average one," and has been prosecuted during exceedingly fine weather, and with an unprecedented exemption from calamity, "not a life being lost, and not an accident of a serious kind having occurred."

It is not our purpose to enter into a minute dissection of Mr. Mackie's rather rose-coloured statistics; we are quite content to take his own figures and to agree with him that "there seems every reason to believe that, should the winter fishing on the west coast and the autumn fishing at Shetland [which, however, is a failure] yield anything like the ordinary catch, the herring fishing of 1867 will be little short of the successful years of 1849, 1853, 1855, and 1862, when the catches were, 770,000, 710,000, 766,000, and 771,000 barrels respectively." It is to be hoped that Mr. Mackie will prove a prophet, but what most people acquainted with fishing matters desire to know is, how, with a fleet of 13,000 boats sailing over the Scottish seas and dipping into the water every fishing night about 13,000 miles of nets, a far larger quantity of herrings are not obtained? We are all aware that the fleet of boats is being added to every year, and that the drift of nets is constantly being lengthened and deepened, but it is not apparent that more fish are taken in consequence. Boats which twenty-five or thirty years ago used each to take on the average 150 crans of herrings (a cran is forty-five gallons) do not now, on the average, capture a third of the quantity, although these nets are in all probability a third larger at present than they were a quarter of a century ago. Any increase in the quantity of herrings taken this year as compared with former years is solely due to an increase in the machinery of capture. With such a fleet of boats and so large an expanse of netting, instead of 700,000 barrels of herrings we ought to take at least three times that quantity.

Seeing, however, that we do not, as a rule, take so many as even the lesser number, a number which apparently pleases or is satisfactory to Mr. Mackie, may we ask, and in our way explain, the reason why? It is a reason that is not far to seek, nor yet very difficult to answer,—the fish are not in the water to be taken. This proposition may appear startling, but it can be

maintained. Everybody knows, for that kind of information is often "going the round," that all kinds of fish are enormously fecund, that the cod yields its roe by millions, that the various flat fishes each contains hundreds of thousands of eggs, and that the salmon and the herring multiply their kind by tens of thousands. It has been said of the latter fish that if a single pair of them were left to multiply undisturbed, they would in twenty years produce a bulk of fish equal to the size of the globe on which we live. But, of course, neither the herring nor any other fish is allowed to multiply undisturbed; on the contrary, it is known that millions of fish ova are never fructified, that other millions are destroyed by accident or by hungry enemies, and that of the fish that do come to life millions die annually, chiefly of starvation, or are killed long before they are able to perpetuate their kind, which is the grand desideratum of the fish world. It has been said the herring shoals are so vast that the arts of man, with all the machinery of capture, can make but little mark upon them; the sea fowls, it is even calculated, obtain far more herrings than the fifty or sixty thousand fishermen who annually spoliates the shoals; and as to the numbers devoured by larger fish, who can sum them up? It has been argued, *therefore*, oddly enough, we think, that the herrings are as numerous as ever, and that any quantity that man subtracts from the shoals is never felt. That is evidently Mr. Mackie's opinion, but it is not the opinion of men who have more closely studied the question. Nature keeps up a correct balance among all animated things, and when we find the enemies of the herring decreasing, as they are now doing, it is a sure sign that their food is becoming scarce. If the herrings were as plentiful as they were wont to be, should not a boat take as many now as it did in the days of yore, nay, with a largely increased drift of nets, ought it not to capture still more fish? Yet, what do we find? Well, we find this, namely, that at the conjoined ports of Wick and Pultenytown the fleet of boats in 1820 was 604, and these boats took in the aggregate as many fish (although the quantity of netting was nothing like so large as it is now,) as nearly double the number of boats obtain at present. Individually each boat in the year 1820, taking the average, obtained 148 crans of fish, against half the number of crans, which is the average of these latter years. We leave it to Mr. Mackie to reconcile these differences, and we leave to him also the task of pointing

out how it comes about that during the season just closed a very large number of the boats obtained almost no fish; it was left to comparatively few crews to make up the total quantity of herrings captured on the Caithness coast. Some boats obtained their complement of 200 crans, the quantity usually bargained for by the buyer, long before others had secured a tenth part of that quantity.

Our herring fishery, in fact, is a blunder from beginning to end. How is it, for example, a merit to capture herrings when they are full of roe and milt, while it is a crime to capture salmon at the same period of their lives? What is the difference in the chemistry of these two fishes, that at the time of spawning a gravid salmon should not be esteemed fit for food, whilst only gravid herrings can obtain that Government certificate which enables the curer to sell them at the highest price? Further, why is it that Government is asked to certify the proper cure of herring, any more than the proper weaving of cotton or the proper making of cheese? The Scottish cure is not up to the mark, firstly, because the fish have been caught at the wrong period of their lives; and, secondly, because the curers can too easily fulfil the Government regulations. Only "full fish" can be branded for the highest-priced markets, that is, fish in which the roe and milt are fully developed; and such fish, as a matter of course, are then poorest in flesh, and in the worst possible condition for cure, and certainly not good for food. One has but to partake of a nicely salted fat herring, in order to know this; it has plenty of flesh upon it to absorb the pickle, the other has no flesh, and eats like a bit of salted wood.

Herring commerce is throughout a blunder. Hundreds of thousands of barrels are annually bought and sold long before it is known that a single fish will be taken. Capitalists advance money to curers in order to enable men to build boats and buy nets, and a spirit of gambling generally prevails. Men are engaged to fish, and a bounty given for their services ten months before they are required. The fishery is throughout a lottery; a few men succeed, and a large number fail. Some day we shall find out that we have been proceeding on a bad system, and that the herring fishery cannot last in the face of our ignorance of the natural history of the fish, and the blunders that are continually being made in regulating its capture. We do not know at what age that fish becomes reproductive, and on some parts of the coast we

have kept up a close time, whilst we have left other parts open. We have prescribed the kind of nets to be used in this particular fishery, in sober earnest we have done innumerable things in connection with this and our other fisheries that we ought not to have done, while at the same time, as we will take an early opportunity of showing, we have left undone many of those things that it would have been wise to do.

From the Spectator.

MR. SWINBURNE AS CRITIC.

IN a recent article, in many respects of no common merit, on Mr. Swinburne's poetry, and one, like almost all those which have hitherto appeared in our contemporary the *Chronicle*, marked by an intellectual care, thoroughness, and precision of thought which make its pages far more instructive than those of almost any weekly journal of the day, the reviewer asserts that Mr. Swinburne's poetry, with all its "wealth of lyrical sweetness," is marked by "barren poverty of thought." There is truth in this; there is no intellectual thread in any single poem of his that we can remember; and in his last, on Italy, where there was most need of intellectual study, the trace of an intellect vanished altogether. But though Mr. Swinburne has never shown the least intellectual sympathy even with the most characteristic currents of thought in his own favourite Greece, he has the natural delight of true poetic genius in the greater poets of every age, and whatever intellectual discrimination he has, has been exercised in studying the individual characteristics of his favourite singers. In the new number of the *Fortnightly Review* he measures himself with great boldness against the most accomplished critic of the day, Mr. Matthew Arnold, and scatters over a review of that fine poet many brilliant remarks on English and French poets which show that he has studied them deeply, and that he has often caught accurately, and when he has caught accurately can delineate with unequalled power, their finest individual traits. But in spite of a much greater wealth of critical perception than we might have expected from him, in spite of many fine and some splendid sayings, in spite of an obviously great effort at the tranquillity and calm of his model for the time being, — Mr. Arnold, —

we doubt if Mr. Swinburne ever placed himself to greater disadvantage than in the position of critic to that thoughtful and equal-minded poet. It is not that he makes very many false criticisms on his special subject,—most of them are true, and many brilliantly expressed,—but that while his critical eye is often true, he never for a moment falls into the mood of true criticism, the mood in which you feel that the critic is surrendering himself, so far as he can without unfaithfulness to his own inner judgment, to the overruling control of another's imagination or thought. There is barely a single sentence written in this mood through the entire article. When Mr. Swinburne praises, which he often does with great force, you feel that he is trying to cap the quality he is praising by the brilliance of the language in which he describes it. Never for a complete sentence, seldom for half a sentence, do you lose the excitable personality of the critic. Like a humming-bird, he dashes about among the blossoms of the author whom he panegyricizes, vying with them in colour, and restlessly displaying his own wonderful activity as well. There is, too, an odious strut in his style which will seldom let you forget the vanity of his brilliant sayings in their truth and aptness. If he rises into eloquence, as he often does, he is not content till he rises out of it again into that harsh, shrill, peculiar note,—like the peacock's dissonant cry,—which drowns the note proper to his subject, and racks the ear with its discord. The essay abounds in happy sayings, spoiled by this dissonant and impatient treble, in which you seem to hear Mr. Swinburne's feverish desire to surpass the excellences he criticizes. This, at the best, is not criticism, for you are never for a moment left with your "eye simply on the object." Directly the critic's eye rests for an instant on his object, he sets to work to bring such a battery of fireworks to play on the point in question, that he and everybody else thinks a great deal more of the iridescent lights than of the thing illuminated. If he cannot succeed, as he often can, in getting up a much more exciting display on the outside of the show by his description, than those who go in to look at it themselves will find, he goes out of the way to say something irrelevant in a note, the only function of which is to startle or challenge. A more successful intellectual irritant than Mr. Swinburne's criticisms we do not ever remember to have met with. When we agree with him most entirely, and admire his unwonted power of expression

most deeply, we are perhaps even more chafed by his shrill falsetto climax than we are when he tauntingly drags us aside into the private audience of a note, only in order to stick a pin into us. Nothing could be finer or truer, for instance, than this on Wordsworth:—

His concentration, his majesty, his pathos have no parallel; some have gone higher, many lower, none have touched precisely the same point as he; some poets have had more of all these qualities, and better; none have had exactly his gift. His pathos, for instance, cannot be matched against any other man's; it is trenchant, and not tender; it is an iron pathos. Take, for example, the most passionate of his poems, the "Affliction of Margaret;" it is hard and fiery, dry and persistent as the agony of a lonely and a common soul which endures through life a suffering which runs always in one groove, without relief or shift. Because he is dull, and dry, and hard, when set by the side of a great lyricist or dramatist; because of these faults and defects, he is so intense and irresistible when his iron hand has hold of some chord which it knows how to play upon. How utterly unlike his is the pathos of Homer or Æschylus, Chaucer or Dante, Shakespeare or Hugo; all these greater poets feel the moisture and flame of the fever and the tears they paint; their pathos when sharpest is full of sensitive life, of subtle tenderness, of playing pulses and melting colours; his has but the downright and trenchant weight of swinging steel; he strikes like the German headman, one stroke of a loaded sword.

Yet while we admire, we chafe at the various turns in the sentence, which show you how little the critic is thinking of Wordsworth as he writes, how much of his own fine scales for weighing Wordsworth. "The downright and trenchant weight of swinging steel," the "German headman's one stroke of a loaded sword," ornamental sentences as far as possible from the tone of Wordsworth,—mere efforts to bring the critic forward again after his true and fine previous description of Wordsworth's pathos. When he had said of "The Affliction of Margaret" that it is "hard and fiery, dry and persistent, as the agony of a lonely and a common soul, which endures, through life, a suffering which runs always in one groove, without relief or shift,"—he had described, with unequalled power the drift of such lines as,—

My apprehensions come in crowds,
I dread the rustling of the grass;
The very shadows of the clouds
Have power to shake me as they pass,

— but he cannot rest there. His critical mood is feverish and restless till he has eclipsed the *object* of his vision by some of his own feats of language, and so he gets into his "swinging steel" and "one stroke of a loaded sword," which are about as inexpressive of that strange *possession* by the genius of common but ineffaceable and undiminishing misery, which enabled Wordsworth to write as he did, as any form of words that could be invented. The "stroke of swinging steel" expresses force and momentum of will, not that truthfulness which comes from the singleness of a haunted and overridden imagination. This figure is a rhetorical flourish of Mr. Swinburne's sword, not of Wordsworth's, and instead of clinching, the thought, cleaves it in two, and makes you stare up at the brandishing hand which you had barely for a moment forgotten.

Or, take his very fine and delicate criticism on Mr. Arnold's style, spoiled, as usual, by the self-conscious and rhetorical magniloquence of the closing sentence, where Mr. Swinburne feels that there has been too much of Mr. Arnold, and that the grander presence of the younger poet must be asserted before the period can be complete: —

The supreme charm of Mr. Arnold's work is a sense of right resulting in a spontaneous temperance which bears no mark of curb or snaffle, but obeys the hand with imperceptible submission and gracious reserve. Other and older poets are to the full as vivid, as incisive and impressive; others have a more pungent colour, a more trenchant outline; others as deep knowledge and as fervid enjoyment of natural things. But no one has in like measure that tender and final quality of touch which tempers the excessive light and suffuses the fluent shade; which as it were washes with soft air the sides of the earth, steeped with dew of quiet and dyes with colours of repose the ambient ardour of noon, the fiery affluence of evening.

Down to "refluent shade" we are simply delighted with so artistic a delineation of Mr. Arnold's style, but then we get to a rush of adjectives which have the effect of entirely drowning Mr. Arnold, and making us hold our breath at the lavish wealth of language of his gorgeous critic. "Ambient ardour of noon" and "fiery affluence of evening" seem expressly intended to extinguish the remembrance of Mr. Arnold's delicate and temperate touch. Mr. Swinburne cannot bear to rest in the cool shower of Mr. Arnold's placid truthfulness; he feels that he must blaze out upon it like the

sun, and light up in it the many-coloured bow of his own more splendid genius.

The utter incapacity of Mr. Swinburne, with all his fine *apercus*, for the mood of criticism, — a mood which must be self-forgetting, or at least self-remembering only where it is jarred by a fault of judgment and art in its object, — is shown in nothing more remarkably than his pert digressions from his subject simply to strike a blow or interpolate an irrelevant sneer. Thus, in writing on Mr. Arnold's "Empedocles" and his grand pagan "self-sufficiency," as he prefers to call it (on the ground that self-sufficiency is already stamped with an accent of reproach), he says: —

I take leave to forge this word, because "self-sufficiency" is a compound of too barbaric sound, and "self-sufficiency" has fallen into a form of reproach. Archbishop Trench has pointed out how and why a word which to the ancient Greek signified a noble virtue came to signify to the modern Christian the base vice of presumption. I do not see that human language has gained by this change of meaning, or that the later mood of mind which dictated this debasement of the word is at all in advance of the older, or indicative of any spiritual improvement; rather the alteration seems to me a loss and discredit, and the tone of thought which made the quality venerable more sound and wise than that which declares it vile.

This is rather like a schoolboy's irreverent taste for making impertinent signs at the authorities of his home or school. It has nothing to do with the drift of the criticism, and as Mr. Swinburne has never shown the slightest sign of spiritual insight into either Christian ideas, or Christian ethics, or Christian sentiment, as there is no vestige of his ever having passed through even a phase of temporary sympathy with the highest literature of the last eighteen centuries, this childish little gesture of irrelevant pertness can derive not the slightest force from his unquestionable genius. The whole article is marred and spotted by this restless vanity, which is always driving Mr. Swinburne into little digressions of moral grimace. What, for example, should have induced him, by way of illustrating Mr. Arnold's happy executive skill as a poet, to go off into the following digression on the theory of 'dumb poets' and 'handless painters,' unless it be the pleasure of the sneer at an exquisite poet who died in his youth, with which it is illustrated? It is as foreign to the subject of the article as a fly to the am-

ber in which it is preserved, and a very nasty fly in amber it seems to us:—

There is no such thing as a dumb poet or a handless painter. The essence of an artist is that he should be articulate. It is the mere impudence of weakness to arrogate the name of poet or painter with no other claim than a susceptible and impressive sense of outward or inward beauty, producing an impotent desire to paint or sing. The poets that are made by nature are not many; and whatever "vision" an aspirant may possess, he has not the "divine faculty" if he cannot use his vision to any poetic purpose. There is no cant more pernicious to such as these, more wearisome to all other men, than that which asserts the reverse. It is a drug which weakens the feeble and intoxicates the drunken; which makes those swagger who have not learnt to walk, and teach who have not been taught to learn. Such talk as this of Wordsworth's is the poison of poor souls like David Gray. Men listen, and depart with the belief that they have this faculty or this vision which alone, they are told, makes the poet; and once imbued with that belief, soon pass or slide from the inarticulate to the articulate stage of debility and disease. Inspiration foiled and impotent is a piteous thing enough, but friends and teachers of this sort make it ridiculous as well. A man can no more win a place among poets by dreaming of it or lusting after it than he can win by dream or desire a woman's beauty or a king's command; and those encourage him to fill his belly with the east wind who feign to accept the will for the deed, and treat inarticulate or inadequate pretenders as actual associates in art. The Muses can bear children and Apollo can give crowns to those only who are able to win the crown and beget the child; but in the school of theoretic sentiment it is apparently believed that this can be done by wishing.

We are inclined to accept (with some wonder, and a good deal of allowance for the spirit of opposition which breathes in Mr. Swinburne's panegyrics on poets of no name) our critic's *positive* insights, — though he does overdo his ecstasies, as, for instance, concerning Miss Christina Rossetti, who, it appears, could, with any one verse or word, "absorb and consume" Eugénie de Guérin, "as a supbeam of the fiery heaven, a dew drop of the dawning earth." We are disposed to think sincerely that the fault must be in ourselves, if we have read with faint interest and no admiration poems in which Mr. Swinburne can feel so much delight as he certainly does in a hymn of Miss Rossetti's. But we do not feel the slightest respect for his incidental sneers, like that at David Gray. There are several

of David Gray's sonnets which, with all our reverence for Mr. Arnold, seem to us far above any of Mr. Arnold's sonnets, except the one great sonnet on Sophocles. Many of David Gray's, — for example, the one ending,

I weigh the loaded hours till life is bare,
O God! for one clear day, a snow drop, and
sweet air!

will live as long as English literature. In fact, so far from being a dumb poet, David Gray's powers of sweet, clear, low music of language have rarely been equalled. Nothing shows us how Mr. Swinburne's fine critical *aperçus* are prevented from developing into anything like a fair, tranquil, critical insight, more than these horrid blotches, needlessly and disastrously spotted over his essay, apparently for mere caprice or pique.

There is another sort of digression with which Mr. Swinburne laboriously spoils what has in it the materials of a very fine essay, and that is the digression in search of indecency. To that we are so accustomed in him, that we shall only point out that his elaborate pleasantries on the French Academy, as a Delilah on whose bosom Mr. Arnold is to be betrayed and shorn of his strength, will seem to most of his readers, perhaps the most unpleasant and inartistic blotch contained in this curious mixture of delicate insights, and gaudy, flaunting, impure taste. Nothing shows more completely how little his mind is filled with his subject — Mr. Arnold — than this squeal of vulgar merriment over his own cleverness in drawing Mr. Arnold as the lover of a French literary *fille de joie*.

The truth is that, Mr. Swinburne, with the rarest faculty for especial critical insights, can never succeed as a critic while he continues to let the image of himself be continually flitting between his eye and the object on which it is cast. This dancing image is constantly irritating him into affected eloquence, false digressions, meaningless impertinence, and eager indecency. There is no more irritating task than reading such an article as this. One must read it, — for its occasional touches of wonderful genius, — but it is like applying a sort of literary cantharides to one's mind, to read these patched and blotched and disfigured criticisms on one whose own critical nature is so perfectly tempered and refined, by a man capable of discerning this temperance and refinement, but wholly incapable of emulating them.

PART X.

CHAPTER XXIX. — NEWS.

It was the beginning of September, as we have said, and the course of individual history slid aside as it were for the moment, and lost itself in the general web. Brownlows became full of people — friends of Jack's, friends of Mr. Brownlow, even friends of Sara — for ladies came of course to break the monotony of the shooting-party — and in the press of occupation personal matters had to be put aside. Mr. Brownlow himself almost forgot, except by moments when the thought came upon him with a certain thrill of excitement, that the six weeks were gliding noiselessly on, and that soon his deliverance would come. As for Sara, she did not forget the agitating little scene in which she had been only a passive actor, but which had woven a kind of subtle link between her and the man who had spoken to her in the voice of real passion. The sound of it had scared and perplexed her at first, and it had roused her to a sense of the real difference, as well as the real affinities, between them; but whatever she might feel, the fact remained that there was a link between them — a link which she could no more break than the Queen could — a something that defied all denial or contradiction. She might never see him again, but — he loved her. When a girl is fancy-free, there is no greater charm; and Sara was, or had been, entirely fancy-free, and was more liable than most girls to this attraction. When the people around her were stupid or tiresome, as to be sure the best of people are sometimes, her thoughts would make a sudden gleam like lightning upon the man who had said he would never see her face again. Perhaps he might have proved tiresome too, had he gone out in the morning with his gun, and come tired to dinner; but he was absent; and there are times when the absent have the best of it, notwithstanding all proverbs. She was much occupied, and by times sufficiently well amused at home, and did not feel it in the least necessary to summon Powys to her side; but still the thought of him came in now and then, and gave an additional zest to her other luxuries. It was a supreme odour and incense offered up to her, as he had thought it would be — a flower which she set her pretty foot upon, and the fragrance of which came up poignant and sweet to her delicate nostril. If anybody had said as much to Sara it would have roused her almost to fury; but still such were the facts of the case.

Jack, for his part, was less excusable if he was negligent; and he was rather negligent just then, in the first fervour of the partridges, it must be allowed — not that he cared a straw for the ladies of the party, and their accomplishments, and their pretty dresses, and their wiles, as poor Pamela believed in her heart. Apart from Pamela Jack was a stoic, and wasted not a thought on womankind; but when a

man is shooting all day, and is surrounded by a party of fellows who have to be dined and entertained in the evening, and is, besides, quite confident in his mind that the little maiden who awaits him has no other seductive voice to whisper in her ear, he may be pardoned for a little carelessness or unpunctuality — at least Jack thought he ought to be pardoned, which comes very much to the same thing. Thus the partridges, if they did not affect the affairs of state, as do their Highland brethren the grouse, at least had an influence upon the affairs of Brownlows, and put a stop, as it were, to the undivided action of its private history for the time.

It was during this interval that the carrier's cart once more deposited a passenger on the Brownlows road. She did not get down at the gate, which, she already knew, was a step calculated to bring upon her the eyes of the population, but was set down at a little distance, and came in noiselessly, as became her mission. It was a September afternoon, close and sultry. The sky was a whitish blue, pale with the blaze that penetrated and filled it. The trees looked parched and dusty where they overhung the road. The whole landscape round Brownlows beyond the line of these dusty trees was yellow with stubble, for the land was rich, and there had been a heavy crop. The fields were reaped, and the kindly fruits of earth gathered in, and there seemed no particular need for all that blaze of sunshine. But the sun blazed all the same, and the pedestrian stole slowly on, casting a long oblique shadow across the road. Everything was sleepy and still. Old Betty's door and windows were open, but the heat was so great as to quench even curiosity; or perhaps it was only that the stranger's step was very stealthy; and until it suddenly fell upon a treacherous knot of gravel, which dispersed under her weight and made a noise, had given no sign of its approach. Betty came languidly to her door when she heard this sound, but she went in again and dropped back into her doze upon her big chair when she saw it was but the slow and toiling figure of a poor woman, no way attractive to curiosity. "Some poor body a-going to Dewsbury," she said to herself; and thus Nancy stole on unnoticed. The bird was down in the parlour window of Mrs. Swayne's neighbour, and her door closed, and Mrs. Swayne herself was out of the way for the moment, seeing to the boiling of the afternoon kettle. Nancy crept in, passing like a vision across Mrs. Preston's open window. Her step made no appreciable sound even in the sleepy stillness of the house, and the sole preface they had to her appearance in the parlour was a shadow of something black which crossed the light, and the softest visionary tap at the door. Then the old woman stood suddenly before the mother and the daughter, who were sitting together dull enough. Mrs. Preston was still poorly, and disturbed in her mind. And as for Pamela, poor child, it was a trying moment for her. As from a watch-tower, she could see

what was going on at Brownlows, and knew that they were amusing themselves, and had all kinds of pleasant parties, in which Jack, who was hers and no other woman's, took the chief part; and that amid all these diversions he had no time to come to see her though she had the only right to him, and that other girls were by, better born, better mannered, better dressed, and more charming than her simple self. Would it be his fault if he were fickle? How could he help being fickle with attractions so much greater around him? This was how Pamela was thinking as she sat by the sofa on which her mother lay. It was not weather for much exertion, and in the peculiar position of affairs, it was painful for these two to run the risk of meeting anybody from Brownlows; therefore they did not go (but except furtively now and then at night, and sat all day in the house, and brooded, and were not very cheerful. Every laugh she heard sounding down the avenue, every carriage that drove out of or into the gates, every stray bit of gossip about the doings at the great house, and the luncheon parties at the cover-side, and the new arrivals, sounded to poor little Pamela like an injury. She had meant to be so happy, and she was not happy. Only the sound of the guns was a little comfort to her. To be sure when he was shooting he was still amusing himself away from her; but at the same time he was not near the fatal beauties whom every evening Pamela felt in her heart he must be talking to, and smiling upon, and growing bewitched by. Such was the tenor of her thoughts as she sat by the sofa working, when old Nancy came in so suddenly at the door.

Pamela sprang up from her seat. Her nerves were out of order, and even her temper, poor child! and all her delicate organization set on edge. It is *her* again! and oh, what do you want?" said Pamela, with a little shriek. As for Mrs. Preston, she too sat bolt upright on the sofa, and started, not without a certain fright, at the sudden apparition. "Nancy Christian!" she said, clasping her hands together — "Nancy Christian! Is this you?"

"Yes, it's me," said Nancy; "I said I would come, and here I am, and I've a deal to say. If you don't mind, I'll take a chair, for it's a long way walking in this heat, all the way from Masterton." This she said without a blush, though she had been set down not fifty yards off from the carrier's cart.

"Sit down," said Mrs. Preston, anxiously, herself rising from the sofa. "It is not often I lie down," (though this was almost as much a fiction as Nancy's), "but the heat gets the better of one. I remember your name as long as I remember anything; I always hoped you would come back. Pamela, if there is anything that Nancy would like after her long walk" —

"A cup of tea is all as I care for," said Nancy. "It's a many years since we've met, and you've changed, ma'am," she added, with

a cordiality that was warmer than her sincerity; "but I could allays see as it was you."

"I have reason to be changed," said Mrs. Preston. "I was young when you saw me last, and now I'm an old woman. I've had many troubles. I've had a hard fight with the world, and I've lost all my children but this one. She's a good child, but she can't stand in the place of all that I've lost — And oh, Nancy Christian, you're a woman that can tell me about my poor old mother. Many a thought I have had of her, and often it seemed a judgment that my children should be taken from me. If you could but tell me she forgave me before she died!"

Nancy made no direct answer to this appeal, but she looked at Pamela, and then at her mother, with a significant gesture. The two old women had their world to go back into of which the young creature knew nothing, and where there were many things which might not bear her inspection; while she, on the other hand, was absorbed in her own new world, and scarcely heard or noticed what they were saying. She stood between them in her youth, unaware of the look they exchanged, unaware that she was in the way of their confidences — thinking, in fact, nothing of much importance in the world except what might be going on in the great house over the way.

"Pamela," said Mrs. Preston, "go and see about the tea, and run out to the garden, dear, and get a breath of air; for I have a deal to ask, and Nancy has a deal to tell me; and there will be no one passing at this time of the day."

"If they were all passing it would not matter to me," said Pamela, and she sighed, and put down her languid work, and went away to make the tea. But she did not go out to the garden; though she said it did not matter, it did matter mightily. She went upstairs to the window and sat down behind the curtain, and fixed her hungry eyes upon the gate and the avenue beyond; and then she made little pictures to hers if of the ladies at Brownlows, and of how Jack must be enjoying himself, and gathered some big bitter tears in her eyes, and felt herself forsaken. It was worse than the Peri at the gate of Eden. So long as Jack had come to the cottage, it mattered little to Pamela who was at the great house. In those days she could think, "They are finer than I am, and better off, and even prettier, but he likes me best; but now this was all changed — the poor little Peri saw the blessed walking in pairs and pleasant companies, and her own young archangel, who was the centre of the Paradise, surrounded and taken possession of by celestial syrens — if such things can be.

To be sure Jack Brownlow was not much like an archangel, but that mattered little. What a change it was! and all to come about in a week or two. She, too, was like the flower upon which the conqueror sets his foot; and Pamela was not passive, but resisted and strug-

gled. Thus she was not curious about what old Nancy could be saying to her mother. What could it be? some old gossip or other, recollections of a previous state of existence before anybody was born — talk about dead things and dead people that never could affect the present state of being. If Pamela thought of it at all, she was half glad that poor mamma should have something to amuse her, and half jealous that her mother could think of anything except the overwhelming interest of her own affairs. And she lingered at the window unawares, until the tea was spoilt, oblivious of Nancy's fatigue; and saw the gentlemen come in from their shooting, with their dogs and guns and keepers, and the result of their day's work, and was aware that Jack lingered, and looked across the road, and waited till everybody was gone; then her heart jumped up and throbbed loudly as he came towards the house. She was about to rush down to him, to forget her griefs, and understand how it was and that he could not help it. But Pamela was a minute too late. She was on her way to the door, when suddenly her heart stood still and the colour went out of her face, and she stopped short like one thunderstruck. He was going away again, astonished, like a man in a dream, with the birds in his hand which he had been bringing as a peace-offering. And Pamela heard her mother's voice, sharp and harsh, speaking from the door. "I am much obliged to you, Mr. Brownlow, but I never eat game, and we are both very much engaged, and unable to see any one to-day;" these were the words the poor girl heard; and then the door, which always stood open — the fearless hospitable cottage door, was closed sharply, and with a meaning. Pamela stood aghast, and saw him go away with his rejected offering; and then the disappointment and wonder and quick change of feeling came raining down from her eyes in big tears. Poor Jack! It was not his fault — he was not unfaithful nor careless — but her own; and her mother to send him away! It all passed in a moment, and she had not time or self-possession to throw open the window and hold out her hands to him and call him back, but only stood speechless and watched him disappearing, himself speechless with amazement, crossing the road backwards with his birds in his hand. Then Pamela's dreams came suddenly to an end. She dried her eyes indignantly — or rather the sudden hot flush on her cheeks dried them without any aid — and smoothed back her hair, and went down flaming in youthful wrath to call her mother to account. But Mrs. Preston too was a changed creature. Pamela did not know what to make of it when she went into the little parlour. Old Nancy was sitting on a chair by the wall, just as she had done when she came in, and looking the same; but as for Mrs. Preston, she was a different woman. If wings had suddenly budded at her shoulders the revolution could scarcely have been greater. She stood upright near the window, with no stoop, no headache, no wear-

ness — ten years younger at least — her eyes as bright as two fires, and even her black dress hanging about her in different folds. Pamela's resentment and indignation and rebellious feelings came to an end at this unwonted spectacle. She could only stand before her mother and stare at her, and wonder what it could mean.

"It is nothing," said Mrs. Preston. "Mr. Brownlow, who brought us some game — you know I don't care for game; and then people change their minds about things. Sit down, Pamela, and don't stare at me. I have been getting too languid about everything, and when one rouses up everybody wonders what one means."

"Mamma," said Pamela, too much astonished to know what to answer, "you sent him away!"

"Yes, I sent him away; and I will send any one away that I think mercenary and selfish," said Mrs. Preston. Was it she who spoke? Could it be her mild uncertain lips from which such words came; and then what could it mean? How could he be mercenary — he who was going to give up everything for his love's sake? No words could express Pamela's consternation. She sat down weak with wonder, and gazed at her mother. The change was one which she could not in any way explain to herself.

"Old Mrs. Fennell was very rude to me," said Mrs. Preston. "I fear you have not a very comfortable place. Nancy Christian; but we can soon change that. You that were so faithful to my poor mother, you may be sure you'll not be forgotten. You are not to think of walking back to Masterton. If I had known you were coming I would have spoken to Hobson the carrier. I never was fond of the Fennells from the earliest I remember; though Tom, you know, poor fellow — But he was a great deal older than me."

"He was nigh as old as your mother," said Nancy; "many's the time I've heard her say it. 'He wanted my daughter,' she would say; 'her a slip of a girl, and him none so much younger than I am myself; but now he's caught a Tartar;' and she would laugh, poor old dear; but when she knew as they were after what she had — that's what drove her wild you may say" —

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Preston — "yes, yes; you need say no more, Nancy; I see it all — I see it all. Wherever there's money it's a snare, and no mortal that I can see escapes. If I had but known a month ago! but after this they shall see they can't do what they please with me. No; though it may be hard upon us — hard upon us — Oh, Nancy Christian," she said, flinging up her arms into the air, "if you had but come to tell me a month ago!"

Pamela listened to this conversation with gradually-increasing dismay. She did not know what it meant; but yet, by some instinctive sense, she knew that it concerned herself — and Jack. She rose up and went to her mother with vague terrors in her heart. "Mam-

ma, what is it? tell me what it is," she said, putting two clinging hands round her arm.

At these words Mrs. Preston suddenly came to herself. "What is what?" she said. "Sit down, Pamela, and don't ask foolish questions; or rather go and see after the tea. It has never come, though I told you Nancy was tired. If you left it by Mrs. Swayne's fire it will be boiled by this time; and you know when it stands too long I can't bear it. Go, dear, and get the tea."

"But, mamma," said Pamela, still clinging to her, and speaking in her ear—"mamma! I know there must be something. Why did you send him away?"

Mrs. Preston gave her child a look which Pamela, driven to her wits' end, could not interpret. There was pity in it and there was defiance, and a certain fierce gleam as of indignation. "Child, you know nothing about it," she said, with suppressed passion—"nothing; and I can't tell you now. Go and get us the tea."

Pamela gazed again, but she could make nothing of it. It was, and yet it was not, her mother—not the old, faded, timid, hesitating woman who had nothing in the world but herself; but somebody so much younger, so much stronger—with those two shining, burning eyes, and this sudden self-consciousness and command. She gave a long look, and then she sighed and dropped her mother's arm, and went away to do her bidding. It was the first appeal she had ever made in vain, and naturally it filled her with a painful amazement. It was such a combination of events as she could not understand. Nancy's arrival and Jack's dismissal, and this curious change in Mrs. Preston's appearance. Her little heart had been full of pain when she left the room before, but it was pain of a very different kind. Now the laggard had come who was all the cause of the trouble then, and he had been sent away without reason or explanation, and what could it mean? "If I had but known a month ago!"—What could it be that she had heard? The girl's heart took to beating again very loud and fast, and her imagination began to work, and it is not difficult to divine what sort of theories of explanation rose in her thoughts. The only thing that Pamela could think of as raising any fatal barrier between herself and Jack was unfaithfulness or a previous love on his part. This, without doubt, was Nancy's mission. She had come to tell of his untruthfulness; that he loved somebody else; perhaps had pledged himself to somebody else; and that between him and his new love, instant separation, heartbreak, and despair must ensue. "He need not have been afraid to tell me," Pamela said to herself, with her heart swelling till it almost burst from her breast. All her little frame, all her sensitive nerves, thrilled with pain and pride. This was what it was. She was not so much stunned by the blow as roused up to the fullest consciousness. Her lip would have quivered sadly had she been compelled to

speak; her voice might have broken for anything she could tell, and risen into hard tones and shrieks of pain. But she was not obliged to speak to any one, and so could shut herself in and keep it down. She went about mechanically, but with nervous haste and swiftness, and covered the little table with its white cloth, and put bread on it, and the tea for which Nancy and her mother sighed; and she thought they looked at her with cruel coldness, as if it was they who were concerned and not she. As if it could be anything to anybody in comparison to what it was to her! As if she must not be at all times the principal in such a matter! Thus they sat down at the little round table. Nancy, who was much in her ordinary, ate and drank and was very comfortable, and pleased with the country cream in her tea; but the mother and the daughter neither ate nor drank. Mrs. Preston sat, saying now and then a word or two to Nancy which Pamela could not understand, but mostly was silent, pondering and full of thoughts, while Pamela, with her eyes cast down, and a burning crimson colour on her cheeks, sat still and brooded over the cruelty she thought they were showing her. Nancy was the only one who "enjoyed," as she said, "her tea."

"You may get a drop of what's called cream in a town, but it ain't cream," said Nancy. "It's but skim-milk trothed up, and you never get the taste of the tea. It's a thing as I always buys good. It's me as lays in all the things, and when there ain't a good cup o' tea at my age, there ain't nothing as is worth in life. But the fault's not in the tea. It's the want of a drop of good cream as does it. It's that as brings out the flavour, and gives it a taste. A cup o' good tea's a cheering thing; but I wouldn't say as you was enjoying it, Mrs. Preston, like me."

"I have other things in my mind," said Mrs. Preston; "you've had a long walk, and you must want it. As for me my mind's all in a ferment. I don't seem to know if it's me, or what has happened. You would not have come and told me all this if you had not been as sure as sure of what you had to say?"

"Sure and sure enough," said Nancy. "I've known it from first to last, and how could I go wrong? If you go to London, as you say, you can judge for yourself, and there won't be nothing for me to tell; but you'll think on as I was the first—for your old mother's sake!"

"You'll not be forgot," said Mrs. Preston—"you need not fear. I am not the one to neglect a friend—and one that was good to my poor mother; you may reckon on me." She sat upright in her chair, and every line in her face had changed. Power, patronage, and protection were in her tone—she who had been herself so poor and timid and anxious. Her very words were uttered more clearly, and with a distincter intonation. And Pamela listened with all her might, and grew more and more bewildered, and tried vainly to make out some connection between this talk and the discovery

which she supposed must have been made. But what could Jack's failure in good faith have to do with anybody's old mother? It was only Nancy who was quite at her ease. "I will take another cup, if you please, Miss Pamela," said Nancy, "and I hope as I'll live to see you in your grandeur, feasting with lords and ladies, instead of pouring out an old woman's tea—for them as is good children is rewarded. For me the day I've wished to see you, and wondered how many of you there was. It's sad for your mother as there's only you; but it's a fine thing for yourself, Miss Pamela—and you must always give your mind to do what your mamma says."

"How should it be a fine thing for me?" said Pamela: "or how should I ever feast with lords and ladies? I suppose you mean to make fun of us. As for doing what mamma says, of course I always do—and she never tells me to do anything unreasonable" the girl added, after a momentary pause, looking doubtfully at her mother. If she were told to give up Jack, Pamela felt that it would be something unreasonable, and she had no inclination to pledge herself. Mrs. Preston was changed from all her daughter's previous knowledge of her; and it might be that her demands upon Pamela's obedience would change too.

"It's nigh my time to go," said Nancy. "I said to the carrier as he was to wait for me down the road. I wouldn't be seen a-getting into the wagon here. Folks talks awful when they're so few; and thank you kindly, Mrs. Preston, for the best cup of tea as I've tasted for ten years. Them as can get cream like that, has what I calls some comfort in this life."

"Pamela," said Mrs. Preston, "you can walk along with Nancy as far as Merryfield Farm, and give my compliments, and if they'd put a drop of their best cream in a bottle—It's all I can do just now, Nancy Christian; but I am not one that forgets my friends, and the time may come"—

"The time *will* come, ma'am," said Nancy, getting up and making her patroness a curtsy, "and I'm none afraid as you'll forget; and thank you kindly for thinking o' the cream—if it ain't too much trouble to Miss Pamela. If you go up there, as you think to do, and find all as I say, you'll be so kind as to let me know."

"I'll let you know, you may be sure," said Mrs. Preston, in her short decisive tones of patronage. And then the girl, much against her will, had to put on her hat and go with Nancy. She did it, but it was with an ill grace; for she was longing to throw herself upon her mother and have an explanation of all this—what had happened, and what it meant. The air had grown cool, and old Betty had come out to her door, and Mrs. Swayne was in the little garden watering the mignonette. And it was not easy to pass those two pairs of eyes and preserve a discreet incognito. To do her justice, Nancy tried her best;

but it was a difficult matter to blind Mrs. Swayne.

"I thought as it was you," said that keen observer. "I said as much to Swayne when he told me as there was a lady to tea in the parlour. I said, 'You take my word it's her as come from Master on asking after them.' And I hope, mum, as I see you well. Mrs. Preston has been but poorly; and you as knows her constitution and her friends"—

"She knows nothing about us," said Pamela, with indignation—"not now; I never saw her in my life before. And how can she know about mamma's constitution, or her friends either? Nancy, come along; you will be too late for Hobson if you stand talking here."

"It's never no loss of time to say a civil word, Miss Pamela," said Nancy. "It's years and years since I saw her, and she's come through a deal since then. And having a family changes folks' constitutions. If it wasn't asking too much, I'd ask for a bit o' mignonette. Town folks is terrible greedy when they comes to the country—and it's that sweet as does one's heart good. Nice cream and butter and new-laid eggs, and a bit o' lad's love, or something as smells sweet—give me that, and I don't ask for none o' your grandeurs. That's the good o' the country to me."

"They sends all that country stuff to old Mrs. Fennell, don't they?" said Betty, who in the leisure of the evening had crossed the road. "I should have thought you'd been sick of all them things—and the fruit and the partridges as I see packed no later than this very afternoon. I should have said you had enough for six, if any one had asked me."

"When the partridges is stale and the fruit rotten," said Nancy, shrugging her shoulders; "and them as has such plenty, where's the merit of it? I suppose there's fine doings at the house, with all their shootings and all the strangers as is about"—

"They was at a picnic to-day," said Betty. "Mr. John, he's the one! He makes all them ladies leave their comfortable lunch, as is better than many a dinner, and down to the heath with their cold pies and their jellies and such-like. Give me a bit of something 'ot. But they think he's a catch, being the only son; and there ain't one but does what he says."

Pamela had been standing plucking a bit of mignonette to pieces, listening with tingling ears. It was not in human nature not to listen; but she roused herself when Betty's voice ceased, and went softly on, withdrawing herself from the midst of them. Her poor little heart was swelling and throbbing, and every new touch seemed to add to its excitement; but pride, and a sense of delicacy and dignity, came to her aid. Jack's betrothed, even if neglected or forsaken, was not in her fit place amid this gossip. She went on quietly, saying nothing about it, leaving her companion behind. And the three women gave each other significant

glances as soon as she had turned her back on them. "I told 'em how it would be," said Mrs. Swayne, under her breath — "it's allays the way, when a girl is that mad to go and listen to a gentleman." And Betty, though she sneered at her employers with goodwill, had an idea of keeping up their importance so far as other people were concerned. "Poor lass!" said Betty, "she's been took in. She thought Mr. John was one as would give up everything for the like of her; but he has her betters to choose from. He's affable like, but he's a deal too much pride for that."

"Pride goes afore a fall," said Nancy, with meaning; "and the Brownlows ain't such grand folks after all. Nothing but attorneys, and an old woman's money to set them up as wasn't a drop's blood to them. I don't see no call for pride."

"The old Squires was different, I don't deny," said Betty, with candour; "but when folks is bred gentlefolks, and has all as heart can desire" —

"There's gentlefolks as might do worse," said Nancy, fiercely; "but it ain't nothing to you nor me" —

"It ought to be a deal to both of you," said Mrs. Swayne, coming in as moderator, "eating their bread as it were, and going on like that. And both of you with black silks to put on of a Sunday, and sure of your doctor and your burial if you was to fall ill. I wouldn't be that ungrateful if it was me"

"It's no use quarrelling," said Nancy; "and I'll say good-night, for I've a long way to go. If ever you should want anything in Masterton, I'd do my best to serve you. Miss Pamela's a long way on, and walking fast ain't for this weather; so I'll bid you both good-night. We'll have time for more talk," she added significantly, "next time I come back; and I'd like a good look at that nice lodge you've got." Old Betty did not know what the woman meant, but those black eyes "went through and through her," she said; and so Nancy's visit came to an end.

CHAPTER XXX.

WHAT FOLLOWED.

PAMELA could make nothing of her companion. Nancy was very willing to talk, and indeed ran on in an unceasing strain; but what she said only confused the more the girl's bewildered faculties; and she saw her mount at last into the carrier's cart, and left her with less perception than ever of what had happened. Then she went straying home in the early dusk, for already the days had begun to grow short, and that night in especial a thunderstorm was brewing, and the clouds were rolling down darkly after the sultry day. Pamela crossed over to the shade of the thick hedge and fence which shut in the park, that nobody might see her, and her thoughts as she went along were

not sweet. She thought of Jack and the ladies at Brownlows, and then she thought of the wish her mother had uttered — Had she but known this a month ago! and between the terrible suspicion of a previous love, and the gnawing possibility of present temptation, made herself very miserable, poor child. Either he had deceived her, and was no true man; or, if he had not yet deceived her, he was in hourly peril of doing so, and at any moment the blow might come. While she was thus lingering along in the twilight, something happened which gave Pamela a terrible fright. She was passing a little stile when suddenly a man sprang out upon her, and caught hold of her hands. She was so sure that Jack was dining at Brownlows, and yielding to temptation then, that she did not recognise him, and screamed when he sprang out; and it was dark, so dark that she could scarcely see his face. Jack, for his part, had been so conscience-stricken when Mrs. Preston refused him entrance that he had done what few men of this century would be likely to do. He had gone in with the other men, and gulped down some sherry at the sideboard, and instead of proceeding to his dressing-room as they all did after, had told a very shocking fib to Willis the butler, for the benefit of his father and friends, and rushed out again. He might have been proof against upbraiding, but compunction seized him when Mrs. Preston closed the door. He had deserved it, but he had not expected such summary measures; and "that woman," as he called her in his dismay, was capable of taking his little love away and leaving him no sign. He saw it in her eye; for he, too, saw the change in her. Thus Jack was alarmed, and in his fright his conscience spoke. And he had seen Pamela go out, and waylaid her; and was very angry and startled to see she did not recognise him. "Good heavens, do you mean to say you don't know me?" he cried, almost shaking her as he held her by the hands. To scream and start as if the sight of him was not the most natural thing in the world, and the most to be looked for! Jack felt it necessary to begin the warfare, to combat his own sense of guilt.

"I thought you were at dinner," said Pamela, faintly. "I never thought it could be you."

"And you don't look a bit glad to see me. What do you mean by it?" said Jack. "It is very hard, when a fellow gives up everything to come and see you. And your mother to shut the door upon me! She never did it before. A man has his duties to do, whatever happens. I can't go and leave these fellows loafing about by themselves. I must go out with them. I thought you were going to take me for better for worse, Pamela, not for a month or a week."

"Oh, don't speak so," said Pamela. "It was never me. It must have been something mamma had heard. She does not look a bit like herself; and it is all since that old woman came."

"What old woman?" said Jack, calming down. "Look here, come into the park. They are all at dinner, and no one will see; and tell me all about it. So long as you are not changed, nothing else is of any consequence. Only for half an hour" —

"I don't think I ought," said Pamela; but she was on the other side of the stile when she said these words; and her hand was drawn deeply through Jack's arm, and held fast, so that it was clearly a matter of discreet submission, and she could not have got away had she wished it. "I don't think I ought to come," said Pamela, "you never come to us now; and it must have been something that mamma had heard. I think she is going away somewhere; and I am sure, with all these people at Brownlows, and all that old Nancy says, and you never coming near us, I do not mind where we go, for my part."

"As if I cared for the people at Brownlows!" said Jack, holding her hand still more tightly. "Don't be cruel to a fellow, Pamela. I'll take you away whenever you please, but without me you shan't move a step. Who is old Nancy. I should like to know? and as for anything you could have heard — Who suffers the most, do you suppose, from the people at Brownlows? To know you are there, and that one can't have even a look at you" —

"But then you can have a great many looks at other people," said Pamela, "and perhaps there was somebody else before me — don't hold my hand so tight. We are poor, and you are rich — and it makes a great difference. And I can't do just what I like. You say you can't, and you are a man, and older than I am. I must do what mamma says."

"But you know you can make her do what you like; whereas, with a lot of fellows" — said Jack. "Pamela, don't — there's a darling! You have me in your power, and you can put your foot upon me if you like. But you have not the heart to do it. Not that I should mind your little foot. Be as cruel as you please; but don't talk of running away. You know you can make your mother do whatever you like."

"Not now," said Pamela, "not now — there is such a change in her; and oh, Jack, I do believe she is angry, and she will make me go away."

"Tell me about it," said Jack, tenderly; for Pamela had fallen into sudden tears, without any regard for her consistency. And then the dialogue became a little inarticulate. It lasted a good deal longer on the whole than half an hour; and the charitable clouds drooped lower, and gave them shade and shelter as they emerged at last from the park, and stole across the deserted road to Swayne's cottage. They were just in time; the first drops of the thunder-shower fell heavy and big upon Pamela before they gained shelter. But she did not mind them much. She had unburdened her heart, and her sorrows had flown away; and the ladies at Brownlows were no longer of

any account in her eyes. She drew her lover in with her at the door, which so short a time before had been closed on him. "Mamma, I made him come in with me, not to get wet," said Pamela; and both the young people looked with a little anxiety upon Mrs. Preston, deprecating her wrath. She was seated by the window, though it had grown dark, perhaps looking for Pamela; but her aspect was rather that of one who had forgotten everything external for the moment, than of an anxious mother watching for her child. They could not see the change in her face, as they gazed at her so eagerly in the darkness; but they both started and looked at each other when she spoke.

"I would not refuse any one shelter from a storm," she said, "but if Mr. Brownlow thinks a little, he will see that this is no place for him." She did not even turn round as she spoke, but kept at the window, looking out, or appearing to look out, upon the gathering clouds.

Jack was thunderstruck. There was something in her voice which chilled him to his very bones. It was not natural offence for his recent shortcomings, or doubt of his sincerity. He felt himself getting red in the darkness. "It was as if she had found me out to be a scoundrel, by Jove" he said to himself afterwards, which was a very different sort of thing from mere displeasure or jealousy. And in the silence that ensued, Mrs. Preston took no notice of anybody. She kept her place at the window, without looking round or saying another word; and in the darkness behind stood the two bewildered, trying to read in each other's faces what it could mean.

"Speak to her," said Pamela, eagerly whispering close to his ear; but Jack, for his part, could not tell what to say. He was offended, and he did not want to speak to her; but, on the contrary, held Pamela fast, with almost a perverse desire to show her nothing that the girl was his, and that he did not care. "It is you I want, and not your mother," he said. They could hear each other speak, and could even differ and argue and be impassioned without anybody else being much the wiser. The only sound Mrs. Preston heard was a faint rustle of whispers in the darkness behind her. "No," said Jack, "if she will be ill-tempered, I can't help it. It is you I want," and he stood by and held his ground. When the first lightning flashed into the room, this was how it found them. There was a dark figure seated at the window, relieved against the gleam, and two faces which looked at each other, and shone for a second in the wild illumination. Then Pamela gave a little shriek and covered her face. She was not much more than a child, and she was afraid. "Come in from the window, mamma! do come, or it will strike you; and let us close the shutters," cried Pamela. There was a moment during which Mrs. Preston sat still, as if she did not hear. The room fell into blackness, and then blazed forth again, the window suddenly becoming "a glimmering

square," with the one dark outline against it. Jack held his little love with his arm, but his eyes were fascinated by that strange sight. What could it mean? Was she mad? Had something happened in his absence to bring about this wonderful change? The mother, however, could not resist the cry that Pamela uttered the second time. She rose up, and closed the shutters with her own hands, refusing Jack's aid. But when the three looked at each other, by the light of the candles, they all looked excited and disturbed. Mrs. Preston sat down by the table, with an air so different from her ordinary looks, that she seemed another woman. And Jack, when her eyes fell upon him, could not help feeling something like a prisoner at the bar.

"Mr. Brownlow," she said, "I dare say you think women are very ignorant, especially about business — and so they are; but you and your father should remember — you should remember that weak folks, when they are put to it — Pamela! sit down, child, and don't interfere; or, if you like, you can go away."

"What have I done, Mrs. Preston?" said Jack. "I don't know what you mean. If it is because I have been some days without coming, the reason is — but I told Pamela all about it. If that is the reason" —

"That!" cried Mrs. Preston, and then her voice began to tremble; "if you think your coming or — or going is — any — anything" — she said, and then her lips quivered so that she could articulate no more. Pamela, with a great cry, rushed to her and seized her hands, which were trembling too, and Jack, who thought it was a sudden "stroke," seized his hat and rushed to the door to go for a doctor; but Mrs. Preston held out her shaking hands to him so peremptorily that he stopped in spite of himself. She was trembling all over — her head, her lips, her whole frame, yet keeping entire command of herself all the time.

"I am not ill," she said; "there is no need for a doctor." And then she sat resolutely looking at him, holding her feet fast on the floor and her hands flat on the table to stop the movement of her nerves. It was a strange sight. But when the two who had been looking at her with alarmed eyes, suddenly, in the height of their wonder, turned to each other with a glance of mutual inquiry and sympathy, appealing to each other what it could mean, Mrs. Preston could not bear it. Her intense self-command gave way. All at once she fell into an outbreak of wailing and tears. "You are two of you against me," she said. "You are saying to each other, What does she mean? and there is nobody on earth — nobody to take my part." The outcry went to Jack Brownlow's heart. Somehow he seemed to understand better than even Pamela did, who clung to her mother and cried, and asked what was it — what had she done? Jack was touched more than he could explain. The thunder was rolling about the house, and the rain falling in torrents; but he had not the

heart to stay any longer and thrust his happiness into her face, and wound her with it. Somehow he felt ashamed; and yet he had nothing to be ashamed about, unless, in presence of this agitation and pain and weakness, it was his own strength and happiness and youth.

"I don't mind the storm," he said. "I am sure you don't want any one here just now. Don't let your mother think badly of me, Pamela. You know I would do anything — and I can't tell what's wrong; and I am going away. Good-night."

"Not till the storm is over," cried Pamela. "Mamma, he will get killed — you know he will, among those trees."

"Not a bit," said Jack, and he waved his hand to them and went away, feeling, it must be confessed, a good deal frightened — not for the thunder, however, or the storm, but for Mrs. Preston's weird look and trembling nerves, and his poor little Pamela left alone to nurse her. That was the great point. The poor woman was right. For herself there was nobody to care much. Jack was frightened because of Pamela. His little love, his soft little darling, whom he would like to take in his arms and carry away from every trouble — that she should be left alone with sickness in its most terrible shape, perhaps with delirium, possibly with death! Jack stepped softly into Mrs. Swayne's kitchen, and told her his fears. He told her he would go over to Betty's lodge and wait there, in case the doctor should be wanted, and that she was not to let Miss Pamela wear herself out. As for Mrs. Swayne, though she made an effort to be civil, she scoffed at his fears. When she had heard what he had to say she showed him out grimly, and turned with enjoyment the key in the door. "The doctor!" she said to herself in disdain — "a fine excuse! But I don't hold with none o' your doctors, nor with gentlemen a-coming like roaring lions. I ain't one to be caught like that, at my time of life; and you don't come in here no more this night, with your doctors and your Miss Pamelas." In this spirit Mrs. Swayne fastened the house up carefully, and shut all the shutters, before she knocked at the parlour door to see what was the matter. But when she did take that precaution she was not quite so sure of her own wisdom. Mrs. Preston was lying on the sofa, shivering and trembling, with Pamela standing frightened by her. She had forbidden the girl to call any one, and was making painful efforts by mere resolution to stave it off. She said nothing, paid no attention to anybody, but with her whole force was struggling to put down the incipient illness, and keep disease at bay. And Pamela, held by her glittering eye, too frightened to cry, too ignorant to know what to do, stood by, a white image of terror and misery, wringing her hands. Mrs. Swayne was frightened too; but there was some truth in her boast of experience. And, besides, her character was at stake. She had sent Jack away, and

disdained his offer of the doctor and it was time to bestir herself. So they got the stricken woman up-stairs and laid her in her bed, and chafed her limbs, and comforted her with warmth. Jack, waiting in old Betty's, saw the light mount to the higher window and shine through the chinks of the shutters, until the storm was over, and he had no excuse for staying longer. It was still burning when he went away, and it burned all night through, and lighted Pamela's watch as she sat pale at her mother's bedside. She sat all through the night and watched her patient—sat while the lightning still flashed and the thunder roared, and her young soul quaked within her; and then through the hush that succeeded, and through the black hours of night and the dawning of the day. It was the first vigil she had ever kept, and her mind was bewildered with fear and anxiety, and the confusion of ignorance. She sat alone, wistful and frightened, afraid to move lest she should disturb her mother's restless sleep, falling into dreary little dozes, waking up cold and terrified, hearing the furniture, and the floor, and the walls and windows—everything about her, in short—giving out ghostly sounds in the stillness. She had never heard those creaks and jars before with which our inanimate surroundings give token of the depth of silence and night. And Mrs. Preston's face looked grey in the faint light, and her breathing was disturbed; and by times she tossed her arms about, and murmured in her sleep. Poor Pamela had a weary night; and when the morning came with its welcome light, and she opened her eyes after a snatch of unwitting sleep, and found her mother awake and looking at her, the poor child started up with a sharp cry, in which there was as much terror as relief.

"Mamma!" she cried. "I did not mean to go to sleep. Are you better? Shall I run and get you a cup of tea?"

"Come and speak to me, Pamela," said Mrs. Preston. "I am quite well—at least I think I am well. My poor darling, have you been sitting up all night?"

"It does not matter," said Pamela; "it will not hurt me; but I was frightened. Are you sure you are better? Poor mamma, how ill you have been! You looked—I cannot tell you how you looked. But you have your own eyes again this morning. Let me go and get you some tea."

"I don't want any tea," said Mrs. Preston. "I want to speak to you. I am not so strong as I used to be, and you must not cross me, Pamela. I have something to do before I die. It upset me to hear of it, and to think of all that might happen. But I must get well and do it. It is all for your sake; and you must not cross me, Pamela. You must think well of what I say."

"No," said Pamela, though her heart sank a little. "I never did anything to cross you, mamma; but Mrs. Swayne said you were

not to talk; and she left the kettle by the fire that you might have some tea."

"I do not care for tea; I care for nothing but to get up and do what has to be done," said her mother. "It is all for your sake. Things will be very different, Pamela, from what you think; but you must not cross me. It is all for you—all for you."

"Oh, mamma, don't mind me," said Pamela, kissing her grey cheek. "I am all right, if you will only be well; and I don't know anything you can have to do. You are not fit for anything but to lie still. It is very early yet. I will draw the curtains if you will try to go to sleep."

"I must get up and go," said Mrs. Preston. "This is no time to go to sleep; but you must not cross me—that is the chief thing of all; for, Pamela, everything will be yours—everything; and you are not to be deceived and taken in, and throw it all away."

"Oh, mamma dear, lie still and have a little more rest," cried Pamela, ready to cry with terror and distress. She thought it was delirium, and was frightened and overwhelmed by the unexpected calamity. Mrs. Preston, however, did not look like a woman who was raving; she looked at the old silver watch under her pillow, drawing it out with a feeble hand, which still trembled, and when she saw how early it still was, she composed herself again as with an effort. "Come and lie down, my poor darling," she said. "We must not spend our strength; and my Pamela will be my own good child and do what I say."

"Yes, mamma," said the poor child, answering her mother's kiss; but all the while her heart sank in her breast. What did it mean? What form was her submission to take? What was she pledging herself to? She lay down in reluctant obedience, trembling and agitated; but she was young and weary, and fell fast asleep, in spite of herself and all her fears. And the morning light, as it brightened and filled the little room, fell upon the two together, who were so strange a contrast—the young round sweet face, to which the colour returned as the soft sleep smoothed and soothed it, with eyes so fast closed, and the red lips a little apart and the sweet breath rising and falling; and the dark, weary countenance, worn out of all freshness, now stilled in temporary slumber, now lighting up with two big dark eyes, which would wake suddenly, and fix upon the window, eager with thought, and then veil over again in the doze of weakness. They lay thus till the morning had advanced, and the sound of Mrs. Swayne's entrance made Pamela wake, and spring ashamed from her dead sleep. And finally, the cup of tea, the universal cordial, was brought. But when Mrs. Preston woke fully, and attempted to get up, with the eager look and changed manner which appalled her daughter, it was found to be impossible. The shock, whatever it was, had been too much for her strength. She fell back again upon her

bed with a look of anguish which went to Pamela's heart. "I can't do it—I can't do it," she said to herself, in a voice of despair. The convulsive trembling of the previous night was gone; but she could not stand, could not walk, and still shook with nervous weakness. "I can't do it—I can't do it," she said over and over, and in her despair wept; which was a sight overwhelming even to Mrs. Swayne, who was standing looking on.

"Hush, hush," said that surprised spectator. "Bless your poor soul, don't take on. If you can't do it to-day, you'll do to-morrow; though I don't know, no more than Adam, what she's got to do, Miss, Pamela, as is so pressing. Don't take on. Keep still, and you'll be better to-morrow. Don't go and take no liberties with yourself. You ain't fit to stand, much less to do anything. Bless you, you'll be as lively as lively to-morrow, if you lie still and take a drop of beef-tea now and again, and don't take on."

"Yes, I'll do it to-morrow. It'll do to-morrow; a day don't signify," said Mrs. Preston; and she recovered herself, and was very quiet, while Pamela took her place by the bedside. Either she was going to be ill, perhaps to die, or something had happened to change her very nature, and turn the current of her life into another channel. Which of these things it was, was beyond the discrimination of the poor girl who watched by her bedside.

CHAPTER XXXI.—SUSPICION.

NEITHER the next day, however, nor the next again, was Mrs. Preston able to move. The doctor had to be brought at last, and he enjoined perfect quiet and freedom from care. If she had anything on her mind, it was to be exorcised and put away, he ordered, speaking to Mrs. Swayne and Pamela, who had not a notion what she had on her mind. As for the patient, she made her effort to rise every morning, and failed, and turned upon her watchers such looks of despair as bewildered them. Every morning Jack Brownlow would come to ask for her, which was the only moment of the day in which Pamela found a little comfort; but her mother found it out instinctively, and grew so restless, and moaned so pitifully when her child left her, that even that sorrowful pleasure had to be given up. The young people did not know what to think. They persuaded themselves sometimes that it was only the effect of illness, and that a fancy so sudden and unexplainable would, when she was better, vanish as unreasonably as it came; but then, what was it she had to do? When she had lain for several days in this state of feebleness, always making vain efforts after strength, another change came over Mrs. Preston. The wild look went out of her eyes. One morning she called Pamela to her with more than her usual energy. "I am going to be very quiet and still for a week," she said; "if I am not

better then, I will tell you what you must do, Pamela. You must send for the Rector and for Nancy Christian from old Mrs. Fennell's in Masterton. This is Tuesday, and it is the 30th; and I will try for a week. If I am not better next Tuesday, you must send for the Rector. Promise me to do exactly what I say."

"Yes, mamma," said Pamela; "but oh! what for?—if you would only tell me what it is for! You never kept anything secret from me."

Mrs. Preston turned a wistful look upon her child. "I must not tell you," she said—"I cannot tell you. If I did you would not thank me. You will know it soon enough. Don't ask me any questions for a week. I mean to try and get well to do it myself; but if I don't get well, no more time must be lost. You must not cross me, Pamela. What do you think I should care if it was not for you?"

"And perhaps if I knew I should not care," cried the poor little girl, wringing her hands. She did not know what it was; but still it became as clear as daylight to her that it was something against Jack.

"You would tell it to him," Mrs. Preston said, with a deep sigh. Perhaps Pamela did not hear her, for the words were spoken almost under her breath; but the girl heard the sigh, and divined what it meant. It was bitter to her, poor child, and hard to think that she could not be true to both—that that her mother was afraid of trusting her—and that Jack and Mrs. Preston were ranged on different sides, with her love and faith, as a bone of contention, between them. Perhaps it was all the harder that she could not cry over it, or get any relief to her soul. Things by this time had become too serious for crying. The little soft creature grew without knowing into a serious woman. She had to give up such vain pleasures as that of tears over her trouble. No indulgence of the kind was possible to her. She sat by her mother's bedside all day long, and, with her mother's eye upon her, had to feign composure when she little possessed it. Mrs. Preston was unreasonable for the first time in her life as regarded Pamela. She forgot what was needful for the child's health, which was a thing she had never done in her life before. She could not bear her daughter out of her sight. If she went down-stairs for half-an-hour to breathe the fresh air, her mother's eyes would follow her to the door with keen suspicion and fear. Pamela was glad to think that it must be her illness, and that only, which had this effect. Even Mrs. Swayne was more considerate. She was ready to come as often as it was possible to watch by the sick-bed and let the poor little nurse free; but Mrs. Preston was not willing to let her free. As it happened, however, Mrs. Swayne was in the room when her lodger gave Pamela instructions about calling the Rector if she were not better in a week, and it startled the curious woman. She told it to her neighbour and tenant in the next house, and she

told it to old Betty; and the thing by degrees grew so patent to the parish that at last, and that no later than the Friday, it came to Mr. Harcastle's ears. Naturally it had changed in the telling. Whereas Mrs. Preston had directed him to be sent for in a certain desperate case, and as a last resource, the Rector heard that Mrs. Swayne's inmate was troubled in her mind, and was anxious to confide some secret to him. What the secret was was doubtful, or else it would not have been a secret; but all Dewsbury believed that the woman was dying, and that she had done something very bad indeed, and desired the absolution of a priest before she could die in peace. When he heard this, it was equally natural that Mr. Harcastle should feel a little excited. He was disposed towards High-Church views, though he was not a man to commit himself, and approved of people who wanted absolution from a priest. Sometimes he had even a nibble at a confession, though unfortunately the people who confessed to him had little on their minds, and not much to tell. And the idea of a penitent with a real burden on her conscience was pleasant. Accordingly he got himself up very carefully on the Saturday, and set out for Mrs. Swayne's. He went with the wisdom of a serpent and the meekness of a dove, not professedly to receive a confession, but to call, as he said, on his suffering parishioner; and he looked very important and full of his mission when he went up stairs. Mrs. Swayne had gone astray after new lights of Dissent, and up to this moment the dwellers under her roof had received no particular notice from Mr. Harcastle, so that it was a little difficult to account for his solicitude now.

"I heard you were ill," said the Rector; "indeed I missed you from church. As you are a stranger, and suffering, I thought there might be something that we could do."

"You are very kind," said Mrs. Preston; and then she looked askance both at Mrs. Swayne and Pamela, keenly searching in their eyes to see if they had sent for him. And as Pamela, who knew nothing about it, naturally looked the guiltiest, her mother's heart was smitten with a sharp pang at the thought that she had been betrayed.

"Not kind at all," said Mr. Harcastle, with animation. "It is my duty, and I am never tired of doing my duty. If you have anything to say to me now?"

Once more Mrs. Preston cast a keen glance at her daughter. And she asked slowly, "What should I have to say?" looking not at the Rector, but suspiciously into Pamela's face.

"My dear friend, how can I tell?" said Mr. Harcastle. "I have seen a great deal of the world in my time, and come through a great deal. I know how suffering tries and tests the spirit. Don't be shy of speaking to me. If," the Rector added, drawing a little nearer her pillow, "you would like me to send your attendants away?"

"Am I dying?" said Mrs. Preston, struggling up upon her bed, and looking so pale that

Pamela ran to her, thinking it was so. "Am I so ill as that?—do they think I cannot last out the time I said?"

"Mamma, mamma, you are a great deal better—you know you are a great deal better. How can you say such dreadful things?" said Pamela, kneeling by the bedside.

"If I am not dying, why do you forestall my own time?" said Mrs. Preston. "Why did you trouble Mr. Harcastle? It was soon enough on the day I said."

"My dear friend," said the Rector, "I hope you don't think it is only when you are dying that you have need of good advice and the counsel of your clergyman. I wish it was more general to seek it always. What am I here for but to be at the service of my parishioners night and day? And every one who is in mental difficulty or distress has a double claim upon me. You may speak with perfect freedom—whatever is said to me is sacred."

"Then you knew I wanted to speak to you?" said Mrs. Preston. "Thank you, you are very kind. I am not ungrateful. But you knew I wanted to ask your assistance? somebody sent for you, perhaps?"

"I cannot say I was sent for," said Mr. Harcastle, with a little confusion, "but I heard—you know, in a country place, the faintest wish you can express takes wings to itself, and becomes known everywhere. I understood—I heard—from various quarters—that if I came here—I might be of use to you."

All the answer Mrs. Preston made to this was to turn round to the head of the bed where Pamela stood, half hidden, in the corner. "That you might have something to tell him a little sooner!"—she said. Her voice, though it was very low, so low as to be inaudible to the visitor, was bitter and sharp with pain, and she cast a glance full of reproach and anguish at her only child. She thought she had been betrayed. She thought that, for the lover's sake, who was dearer than father or mother, her own nursing had forfeited her trust. It was a bitter thought, and she was ill, and weak, and excited, and her mind distorted, so that she could not see things in their proper light. The bitterness was such that Pamela, utterly innocent as she was, sank before it. She did not know what she had done. She did not understand what her mother's look meant; but she shrank back among the curtains as if she had been really guilty, and it brought to a climax her sense of utter confusion and dismay.

"I will tell you what the case is," Mrs. Preston added quickly, the colour coming back to her cheek. "I am not in very good health, as you see, but I have something very important to do before I die. It concerns the comfort of my child. So far as I am involved, it would not matter—it would not matter—for I shall not live long," she added, with a certain plaintive tremor of self-pity in her voice. "It is all for Pamela, sir—though Pamela—but lately I grew frightened, and thought myself worse; and I told them

—I told *her*—that if I was no better next Tuesday, they were to send for you. I would not trouble you if I were well enough myself. It was in case I should not be able, and I thought of asking your help; that is how it was. I suppose it was their curiosity. Curiosity is not a sin; but—they say I am not worse—they say I am even a little better. So I will not trouble you, Mr. Harcastle. By that time I shall be able for what I have to do.”

“You must not be too sure of that,” said the Rector; and he meant it kindly, though the words had but a doubtful sound; “and you must not think I am prying or intrusive. I was not sent for; but I understood—that—I might be of use. It is not giving me trouble. If there is anything I can do for you—if you have no friends”—

“We shall soon have plenty of friends,” said Mrs. Preston, quickly, with a certain mocking tone in her voice—“plenty of friends. We have not had many hitherto; but all that will soon change. Yes, I shall be able for what I have to do. I feel quite sure of it. You have done me a great deal of good. After it is done,” she said, with that desolate look which Pamela felt to the bottom of her heart, but could not understand, “there will be time enough to be ill and to die, too, if God pleases. I will not mind it much when I leave her with many friends.”

“Mamma!” cried Pamela, with a mingled appeal and reproach; but though she bent over her she could not catch her mother’s eyes.

“It is true,” said Mrs. Preston. “I was like to break my heart when I thought how old I was, and that I might die and leave you without anybody to care for you; but now you will have many friends—plenty of friends. And it don’t so much matter.” She ended with such a sigh as moved even the heart of the Rector; and touched Mrs. Swayne, who was not of a very sympathetic disposition, to tears.

“You must not talk of leaving your child without a protector,” said Mr. Harcastle—“if you knew what it was to have a motherless girl to bring up, you would not speak of it lightly. That is my case. My poor little Fanny was left motherless when she was only ten. There is no misfortune like it to a girl. Nobody knows how to manage a young creature but a mother. I feel it every day of my life,” said the Rector, with a sigh. It was very different from Mrs. Preston’s sigh. There was neither depth in it nor despair, like that which breathed in hers. Still, its superficial sadness was pathetic to the women who listened. They believed in him in consequence, more perhaps than he believed in himself, and even Mrs. Swayne was affected against her will.

“Miss Fanny has got then as is father and mother both in one,” she said; “but bless you, sir, she ain’t always like this. It’s sickness as does it. One as is more fond of her child, nor prouder of her child, nor more content to live and see her ‘appy, don’t exist, when she’s in

her ordinary. And now, as the Rector has come himself, and ‘as comforts at hand, you’ll pluck up a spirit, that’s what you’ll do. Miss Pamela, who’s as good as gold, don’t think of nothing but a-nursing and a-looking after her poor dear mamma; and if so be as you’d make good use o’ your time, and take the Rector’s advice”—

Mrs. Preston closed her lips tight, as if she was afraid that some words would come through against her will, and faced them all with an obstinate resolution, shaking her head as her only answer. She faced them half seated on her bed, rising from among her pillows as if they were all arrayed against her, and she alone to keep her own part. Her secret was hers, and she would confide it to nobody; and already, in the shock of this intrusion, it seemed to her as if the languid life had been stirred in her veins, and her forces were mustering to her heart to meet the emergency. When she had made this demonstration, she came down from those heights of determination and responded to the Rector’s claim for sympathy as he knew well every woman would respond. “A girl is the better of her mother,” she said, “even when she don’t think it. Many a one is ungrateful, but we are not to look for gratitude. Yes, I know a mother is still something in this world. Pamela, you’ll remember some day what Mr. Harcastle said; and if Miss Fanny should ever want a friend—But I am getting a little tired. Good-bye, Mr. Harcastle; perhaps you will come and see me again. And after a while, when I have done what I have to do”—

“Good-bye,” said the Rector, after waiting vainly for the close of the sentence; and he rose up and took his leave, feeling that he had been dismissed, and had no right to stay longer. “If you should still want assistance—though I hope you will be better, as you expect”—

Mrs. Preston waved her hand in reply, and he went down-stairs much confused, not knowing what to make of it. The talk he had with Mrs. Swayne in the passage threw but little light on the matter. Mrs. Swayne explained that they were poor; that she thought there was “something between” Miss Pamela and Mr. John; that she herself had essayed strenuously to keep the young people apart, knowing that nothing but harm would come of it; but that it was only lately, very lately, that Mrs. Preston had seemed to be of her opinion. A week ago she had received a visit, and had shut the door upon the young man, and fallen ill immediately after. “And all this talk o’ something to do has begun since that,” she added; “she’s never had nothing to do as long as she’s been here. There’s a bit of a pension as is paid regular, and there never was no friends as I know of as could die and leave her money. It’s some next-of-kin business, that’s my idea, Mr. Harcastle—some o’ that rubbish as is in the papers—folks of the name of Smith or suchlike as is advertised for, and something to come to their advantage. But she’s awful close and

locked up, as you may say, in her own bosom, and never said a rational word to me."

"You don't think it's *this*?" said Mr. Hardcastle, putting his hand significantly to his forehead.

"Oh, bless you, it ain't that," said Mrs. Swayne. "She's as clear as clear—a deal clearer, for the matter of that, than she was afore; the first time as she had the sense to turn Mr. John from the door was the night as she was took. It ain't that. She's heard o' something, you take my word, and it's put fancies in her head; and as for that poor Pamela, she's as jealous of every look that poor child gives; and I don't call it no wonder myself, if you let a girl see a deal of a gentleman, that she should think more of him than's good for her. It should have been stopped when it began; but nobody will ever listen to me."

Mr. Hardcastle left the house with altogether a new idea in his mind. He had lectured his neighbour about young Powys and Sara, but he had not known anything of this still more serious scandal about Jack. He murmured to himself over it as he went away with a great internal *chuchotement*. Poor Mr. Brownlow! both his son and his daughter thus showing low tastes. And he could not refrain from saying a few words about it to Jack, whom he met returning with his shooting party—words which moved the young man to profound indignation. He was very angry, and yet it was not in nature that he should remain unmoved by the suggestion that Pamela's mother was either mad or had something on her mind. He had himself seen enough to give it probability. And to call Mr. Hardcastle a meddling parson, or even by some of those stronger and still less graceful epithets which sometimes follow the course of a clergyman's beneficent career, did but little good. Jack was furious that anybody should have dared to say such words, but the words themselves rankled in his heart. As soon as he could steal out after dinner he did so, and went to the gate and saw the glimmering light in Mrs. Preston's window, and received Mrs. Swayne's ungracious report. But Pamela was not to be seen. She was never to be seen. "They will kill her with this watching," he said to himself, as he stood and watched the light, and ground his teeth with indignation. But he could do nothing, although she was his own and pledged to him. He was very near cursing all mothers and fathers, as well as interfering priests and ungracious women, as he lingered up the avenue going home, and sucked with indignation and disgust at his extinguished cigar.

Poor little Pamela was no better off up-stairs. She was doubted, suspected, feared—she who had been nothing but loved all her life. The child did not understand it, but she felt the bitterness of the cloud into which she had entered. It made her pale, and weighed upon her with a mysterious depth of distress which would not have been half so heavy had she

been guilty. If she had been guilty, she would have known exactly the magnitude of the offence, and how much she was suspected of; but being utterly innocent she did not know. Her sweet eyes turned deprecating, beseeching, to her mother's, but they won no answer. The thought that her child had conspired against her, that she had planned to entrap her secret from her and betray it to her lover, that she was a traitor to the first and tenderest of affections, and that the new love had engrossed and swallowed up everything—was the bitter thought that filled Mrs. Preston's mind, and hid from her the wistful innocence in Pamela's eyes. When the girl arranged her pillows or gave her medicine, her mother thanked her with formality, and answered her sharply when she spoke. "Dear mamma, are you not tired?" the poor child would say; and Mrs. Preston answered, "No, you need not think it, Pamela; people sometimes balk their own purpose. I shall be able after all. Your Rector has done me good."

"He is not my Rector, mamma," said Pamela. "I never spoke to him before. Oh! if you would only tell me why you are so angry with me."

"I am not angry. I suppose it is human nature," said Mrs. Preston, and this was all the answer she would give. So that Pamela, poor child, had nothing for it but to retire behind the curtains and cry. This time the tears would well forth. She had been used to so much love, and it was hard to do without it; and when her mother repulsed her, in her heart she cried out for Jack. She cried out for him in her heart, but he could not hear her, though at that very moment he was no further off than in the avenue, where he was lingering along very indignant and heavy-hearted, with his cigar out, though he did not know. It might not be a very deadly trouble to either of the young sufferers, but it was sharp enough in its way.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE REAL TRAITOR.

WHILE these things were going on at the gate of Brownlows, a totally different scene was being enacted in Masterton. Mr. Brownlow was at his office, occupied with his business and the people in his house, and the hundred affairs which make up a man's life. And as he had little time to brood over it, it had very much gone out of his mind how near he was to the crisis of his fate. An unexperienced sailor when he sees the port near is apt to be lulled into a dream of safety, though the wariest seaman knows that it is the most dangerous moment. Mr. Brownlow was not inexperienced, but yet he allowed himself to be deluded into this sense of security after all his terrors. Young Powys came to business every day, and was very steady and regular, and a little discon-

solate, evidently having nothing in his mind which could alarm his employer. When Mr. Brownlow looked up and saw the young fellow going steadily and sadly about his business, it sometimes gave him a sense of compunction, but it no longer filled him with fear. He had come to think the youth was harmless, and with the base instinct of human nature no longer cared for him. At least he cared for him in a different way; he promised to, himself to make it all up to him afterwards — to be his providence, and look after him and establish him in the world — to give him no reason to repent having intrusted his fortunes to his hands. This was how Mr. Brownlow was thinking; and he had succeeded in making himself believe that this course was far the best for Powys. As for justice, it was rarely to be had under any circumstances. This young fellow had no more right to it than another; probably if mere justice had been dealt to him it would have been the ruin of him, as well as the ruin of other people. His *real* advantage after all was what Mr. Brownlow studied. Such thoughts by dint of practice became easier and more natural. The lawyer actually began to feel and believe that for everybody concerned he was taking the best course; and the September days wore on, blazing, sultry, splendid, with crack of guns over the stable, and sound of mirth in-doors, where every room was full and every association cheerful. It would only have been making Powys uncomfortable (Mr. Brownlow reflected) to have invited him at that moment among so many people, even if the accident with Sara had not prevented it. By-and-by, when all was safe, Sara should go away in her turn to visit her friends, and Powys should be had out to Brownlows, and have the remains of the sport, and be received with paternal kindness. This was the plan Mr. Brownlow had formed, and in the meantime he was cheerful and merry, and no way afraid of his fate.

Things were so when one morning he received a sudden message from old Mrs. Fennell. He had not been to see her for a long time. He had preferred, as far as possible, to ignore her very existence. His own conduct appeared to him in a different light when he saw her. It was blacker, more heinous, altogether vile, when he caught the reflection of it as in a distorted mirror in the old woman's suggestions. And it made Mr. Brownlow very uncomfortable. But this morning the summons was urgent. It was conveyed in a note from his mother-in-law herself. The billet was written on a scrap of paper, in a hand which had never been good, and was now shaky and irregular with old age. "I want to speak to you particular," Mrs. Fennell wrote. "It's about Nancy and her goings on. There's something astir that is against your advantage and the children. Don't waste any time, but come to me;" and across the envelope she had written *Immediate* in letters half an inch long. Mr. Brownlow had a momentary thrill,

and then he smiled to himself in the imbecility of self-delusion. "Some fancy she has taken into her head," he said. Last time she had sent for him her fears had come to nothing, and his fears, which were exaggerated, as he now thought, had worn out all his capabilities of feeling. He took it quite calmly now. When he had freed himself of his more pressing duties, he took his hat, and went leisurely across the market-place to his mother-in-law's lodgings. The door was opened to him by Nancy, in whose looks he discovered nothing particular; and it did not even strike him as singular that she followed him up-stairs, and went in after him to Mrs. Fennell's sitting-room. The old lady herself was sitting in a great chair, with her foot upon a high footstool, and all her best clothes on, as for an occasion of solemnity. Her head was in continued palsied motion, and her whole figure trembling with excitement. She did not even wait until Mr. Brownlow had taken the chair which Nancy offered him with unusual politeness. "Shut the door," she cried. "Nancy, don't you go near Mr. Brownlow with your wiles, but shut the door and keep in your own place. Keep in your own place — do, and don't fuss about a gentlemen as if that was to change his opinion, you old fool, at your age."

"I'm but doing my duty," said Nancy; "it's little change my wiles could make on a gentleman — never at no age as I know on — and never with Mr. Brownlow" —

"Hold your peace," cried Mrs. Fennell. "I know your tricks. You're old, and you should know better; but a woman never thinks as it's all over with her. John Brownlow, you look in that woman's face and listen to me. You've given her food and clothes and a roof over her head for years and years, and a wage that I never could see the reason for; and here she's been a-conspiring and a-treating with your enemies. I've found her out, though I am old and feeble. Ne'er a one of them can escape me. I tell you she's been conspiring with your enemies. I don't say that you've been over-kind to me; but I can't sit by and see my Bessie's children wronged; and I've brought you here to set you face to face, and hear what she's got to say."

Mr. Brownlow listened to her without changing countenance; he held his breath hard, and when she ceased speaking he let it go with a long respiration, such as a man draws after a great shock. But that was the only sign of emotion he showed; partly because he was stunned by the unexpected blow; partly because he felt that her every word betrayed him, and that nothing but utter self-command could do him any good.

"What does this mean?" he said, turning from Mrs. Fennell to Nancy. "Who are my enemies? If you have anything to say against Nancy, or if Nancy has anything to say" —

"She's a traitor," cried Mrs. Fennell, with a voice which rose almost to a scream. "She's

a real traitor; — she eats your bread, and she's betrayed you. That's what I mean, and it's as clear as day."

All this time Nancy stood steadily, stolidly by, with her hand on the back of a chair, not defiant but watchful. She had no wish to lose her place, and her wages, and her comforts; but yet, if she were sent away, she had a claim upon the other side. She had made herself a friend like the unjust steward. And she stood and watched and saw all that passed, and formed her conclusions.

Therefore she was no way disturbed when Mr. Brownlow turned round and looked her in the face. He too was very steady and self-possessed, yet she saw by the way that he turned round on his chair, by the grasp he took of the back of it, by the movement of his eyelids, that every word had told upon him. "You must speak a little more plainly," he said, with an attempt at a smile. "Perhaps you will give me your own account of it, Nancy. Whom have you been conspiring with? Who are my enemies? I think I am tolerably at peace with all the world, and I don't know."

Nancy paused with a momentary hesitation, whether to speak the simple truth, and see the earthquake which would ensue, which was a suggestion made by the dramatic instinct within her — or whether to keep on the safe side and deny all knowledge of it. If she had been younger, probably she would have preferred the former for the sake of the excitement; but being old she chose the latter. She grew meek under Mr. Brownlow's eyes, so meek that he felt it an outrage on his good sense, and answered softly as became a woman anxious to turn away wrath.

"Nor me, sir," said Nancy, "I don't know. If I heard of one as was your enemy, it would be reason enough to me for never looking nigh him. I've served you and yours for long, and it's my place to be faithful. I've been a-seeing of some old friends as lives a little bit out o' Masterton. I'm but a servant, Mr. Brownlow, but I've some friends; and I never heard as you was one to think as poor folks had no hearts. It was a widow woman, as has seen better days; it ain't much I can do for her, but she's old, and she's poor, and I go to see her a bit times and times. I hope there ain't nothing in that that displeases you. If I stayed longer than I ought last time" —

"What is all this to me?" said Mr. Brownlow. "Who is your widow woman? Do you want me to do anything for her? has she a family? There are plenty of charities in Masterton if she belongs to the place. But it does not seem worth while to have brought me here for this."

"You know better than that, John Brownlow," said Mrs. Fennell, in a kind of frenzy.

"If it was any poor woman, what would I have cared? Let 'em starve, the hussies, as brings it all on themselves. There's but one woman as would trouble me, and you know who it is, John Brownlow; and that old witch there, she knows, and it's time to put a stop to it all. It's time to put a stop to it all, I say. She's a-carrying on with that woman; and my Bessie's children will be robbed before my very eyes; and I'm a poor old creature, and their own father as ought to take their part — I tell you, it's that woman as she's a-carrying on with; and they'll be robbed and ruined, my pretty dears, my Bessie's children! and she'll have it all, that wretch! I'd kill her, I'd strangle her, I'd murder her, if it was me!"

Mrs. Fennell's eyes were bloodshot, and rolled in their sockets wildly — her head shook with palsied rage — her voice stammered and staggered — and she lifted her poor old lean hands with wild incoherent gestures. She was half-mad with passion and excitement. She, who was so terribly in earnest, so eager in her insane desire to save him, was in reality the traitor whom he had most to fear; and Mr. Brownlow had his senses sufficiently about him to perceive this. He exerted himself to calm her down and soothe her. "I will see after it — I will see after it," he said. "I will speak to Nancy — don't excite yourself." As for Mrs. Fennell, not his persuasion, but her own passion, wore her out presently, and reduced her to comparative calm; after a while she sank into silence, and the half-doze, half-stupor of extreme age. When this reaction had come on, Mr. Brownlow left the room, making a sign to Nancy to follow him, which the old woman did with gradually-rising excitement, feeling that now indeed her turn had come. But he did not take her apart, as she had hoped and supposed, to have a desperate passage of arms. He turned round on the stair, though the landlady stood below within hearing ready to open the door, and spoke to her calmly and coldly. "Has she been long like this?" he said, and looked Nancy so stealthily in the face that, for the first time, she was discomfited, and lost all clue to his meaning. She stood and stared at him for a minute, not knowing what to say.

"Has she been long like this?" Mr. Brownlow repeated a little sharply. "I must see after a doctor at once. How long has it lasted? I suppose no one can tell but you?"

"It's lasted — but I don't know, sir," said Nancy — "I don't know; I couldn't say, as it was nothing the matter with her head. She thinks as there's a foundation. It's her notion as I've found out" —

"That will do," said Mr. Brownlow; "I have no curiosity about your friends. It is your mistress's health I am thinking of. I will call on Dr. Bayley as I go back; and you will

see that she is kept quiet, and has every attention. I am grieved to see her in such an excited state. And, by the way, you will have the goodness not to leave her again. If your friends require your visits, let me know, and I will send a nurse. If it has been neglect that has brought this on, you may be sure it will tell on yourself afterwards," Mr. Brownlow added, as he went out. All this was said in the presence of the mistress of the house, who heard and enjoyed it. And he went away without another look at her, without another word, without praying for her silence, or pleading with her for her secret, as she had expected. Nancy was confounded, notwithstanding all her knowledge. She stood and stared after him with a sinking heart, wondering if there were circumstances she did not know, which held him harmless, and whether after all it had been wise of her to attach herself to the cause of his adversaries. She was disappointed with the effect she had produced — disappointed of the passage of arms she had expected, and the keen cross-examination which she had been prepared to baffle. She looked so blank that the landlady, looking on, felt that she too could venture on a passing arrow.

"You'll take my word another time, Nancy," she said. "I told you as it was shameful neglect to go and leave her all by herself, and her so old and weakly, poor soul! You don't mind the likes of us, but you'll have to mind what your master says."

"He ain't no master of mine," said Nancy, fiercely, "nor you ain't my mistress, Lord be praised. You mind your own business, and I'll mind mine. It's fine to be John Brownlow, with all his grandeur; but pride goes before a fall, is what I says," the old woman muttered, as she went back to Mrs. Fennell's room. She had said so at Brownlows, looking at the avenue which led to the great house, and at the cozy little lodge out of which she had already planned to turn old Betty. That vision rose before her at this trying moment, and comforted her a little. On the one side the comfortable lodge, and an easy life, and the prospect of unbounded tyranny over a new possessor, who should owe everything to her; but, on the other side, dismissal from her present post, which was not unprofitable, an end of her good wages and all her consolations. Nancy drew her breath hard at the contrast; the risk seemed to her as great almost as the hope.

Mr. Brownlow left the door composed and serious, as a man does who has just been in the presence of severe perhaps fatal illness, and he

went to Dr. Bayley, and told that gentleman that his mother-in-law's brain was, he feared, giving way, and begged him to see her immediately; and then he went to the office, grave and silent, without a touch of apparent excitement. When he got there, he stopped in the outer office, and called Powys into his own room. "We have not seen you at Brownlows for a long time," he said. "Jack has some young fellows with him shooting. You had better take a week's holiday, and come up with me to-night. I shall make it all right with Wrinkell. You can go home and get your bag before the dog-cart comes."

He said this quickly, without any pause for consideration, as if he had been giving instructions about some deed drawing out; and it was some time before Powys realised the prospect of paradise thus opening before him. "I, sir — do you mean me?" he cried, in his amazement. "To-night?" And Mr. Brownlow appeared to his clerk as if he had been an angel from heaven.

"Yes," he said, with a smile, "to-night. I suppose you can do it? You do not want much preparation for pleasure at your age."

Then poor Powys suddenly turned very pale. Out of the first glow of delight he sank into despondency. "I don't know, sir — if you may have forgotten — what I once said to you — about — about — my folly," faltered the young man, not daring to look into his employer's face.

"About?" — said Mr. Brownlow; and then he made as though he suddenly recollected, and laughed. "Oh, yes, I remember," he said. "I suppose all young men are fools sometimes in that respect. But I don't see it is any business of mine. You can settle it between you. Be ready for me at six o'clock."

And thus it was all arranged. Powys went out to get his things, not knowing whether he walked or flew, in such a sudden amaze of delight as few men ever experience; and when he was gone Mr. Brownlow put down his ashy face into his clasped hands. Heaven! had it come to this? At the last moment, when the shore was so near, the tempest wellnigh spent, deliverance at hand, was there no resource but this, no escape? All his precautions vain, his wives, his struggle of conscience! His face was like that of a dead man as he sat by himself and realized what had happened. Why could not he fly to the end of earth, and escape the Nemesis? Was there nothing for it but, like that other wretched father, to sacrifice his spotless child?

PHINEAS FINN, THE IRISH MEMBER.

CHAPTER I.

PHINEAS FINN PROPOSES TO STAND FOR LOUGHSHANE.

DR. FINN, of Killaloe, in county Clare, was as well known in those parts, — the confines, that is, of the counties Clare, Limerick, Tipperary, and Galway, — as was the bishop himself who lived in the same town, and was as much respected. Many said that the doctor was the richer man of the two, and the practice of his profession was extended over almost as wide a district. Indeed the bishop, whom he was privileged to attend, although a Roman Catholic, always spoke of their dioceses being conterminate. It will therefore be understood that Dr. Finn, — Malachi Finn was his full name, — had obtained a wide reputation as a country practitioner in the west of Ireland. And he was a man sufficiently well to do, though that boast made by his friends, that he was as warm a man as the bishop, had but little truth to support it. Bishops in Ireland, if they live at home, even in these days, are very warm men; and Dr. Finn had not a penny in the world for which he had not worked hard. He had, moreover, a costly family, five daughters and one son, and, at the time of which we are speaking, no provision in the way of marriage or profession had been made for any of them. Of the one son, Phineas, the hero of the following pages, the mother and five sisters were very proud. The doctor was accustomed to say that his goose was as good as any other man's goose, as far as he could see as yet; but that he should like some very strong evidence before he allowed himself to express an opinion that

the young bird partook, in any degree, of the qualities of a swan. From which it may be gathered that Dr. Finn was a man of common-sense.

Phineas had come to be a swan in the estimation of his mother and sisters by reason of certain early successes at college. His father, whose religion was not of that bitter kind in which we in England are apt to suppose that all the Irish Roman Catholics indulge, had sent his son to Trinity; and there were some in the neighbourhood of Killaloe, — patients, probably, of Dr. Duggin, of Castle Connell, a learned physician who had spent a fruitless life in endeavouring to make head against Dr. Finn, — who declared that old Finn would not be sorry if his son were to turn Protestant, and go in for a fellowship. Mrs. Finn was a Protestant, and the five Miss Finns were Protestants, and the doctor himself was very much given to dining out among his Protestant friends on a Friday. Our Phineas, however, did not turn Protestant up in Dublin, whatever his father's secret wishes on that subject may have been. He did join a debating society, to success in which his religion was no bar; and he there achieved a sort of distinction which was both easy and pleasant, and which, making its way down to Killaloe, assisted in engendering those ideas as to swanhood of which maternal and sisterly minds are so sweetly susceptible. "I know half a dozen old windbags at the present moment," said the doctor, "who were great fellows at debating clubs when they were boys." "Phineas is not a boy any longer," said Mrs. Finn. "And windbags don't get college scholarships," said Matilda Finn, the second daughter. "But papa always snubs Phinny," said Barbara, the youngest.

"I'll snub you, if you don't take care," said the doctor, taking Barbara tenderly by the ear; — for his youngest daughter was the doctor's pet.

The doctor certainly did not snub his son, for he allowed him to go over to London when he was twenty-two years of age, in order that he might read with an English barrister. It was the doctor's wish that his son might be called to the Irish Bar, and the young man's desire that he might go to the English Bar. The doctor so far gave way, under the influence of Phineas himself, and of all the young women of the family, as to pay the usual fee to a very competent and learned gentleman in the Middle Temple, and to allow his son one hundred and fifty pounds per annum for three years. Dr. Finn, however, was still firm in his intention that his son should settle in Dublin, and take the Munster Circuit, — believing that Phineas might come to want home influences and home connections, in spite of the swanhood which was attributed to him.

Phineas eat his terms for three years, and was duly called to the Bar; but no evidence came home as to the acquirement of any considerable amount of law lore, or even as to much law study, on the part of the young aspirant. The learned pundit at whose feet he had been sitting was not especially loud in praise of his pupil's industry, though he did say a pleasant word or two as to his pupil's intelligence. Phineas himself did not boast much of his own hard work when at home during the long vacation. No rumours of expected successes, — of expected professional successes, — reached the ears of any of the Finn family at Killaloe. But, nevertheless, there came tidings which maintained those high ideas in the maternal bosom of which mention has been made, and which were of such sufficient strength to induce the doctor, in opposition to his own judgment, to consent to the continued residence of his son in London. Phineas belonged to an excellent club, — the Reform Club, — and went into very good society. He was hand and glove with the Hon. Laurence Fitzgibbon, the eldest son of Lord Claddagh. He was intimate with Barrington Erle, who had been private secretary, — one of the private secretaries, — to the great Whig Prime Minister who was lately in but was now out. He had dined three or four times with that great Whig nobleman, the Earl of Brentford. And he had been assured that if he stuck to the English Bar he would certainly do well. Though he might fail to succeed in court or in chambers, he would doubtless

have given to him some one of those numerous appointments for which none but clever young barristers are supposed to be fitting candidates. The old doctor yielded for another year, although at the end of the second year he was called upon to pay a sum of three hundred pounds, which was then due by Phineas to creditors in London. When the doctor's male friends in and about Killaloe heard that he had done so, they said that he was doting. Not one of the Miss Finns was as yet married; and, after all that had been said about the doctor's wealth, it was supposed that there would not be above five hundred pounds a year among them all, were he to give up his profession. But the doctor, when he paid that three hundred pounds for his son, buckled to his work again, though he had for twelve months talked of giving up the midwifery. He buckled to again, to the great disgust of Dr. Duggin, who at this time said very ill-natured things about young Phineas.

At the end of the three years Phineas was called to the Bar, and immediately received a letter from his father asking minutely as to his professional intentions. His father recommended him to settle in Dublin, and promised the one hundred and fifty pounds for three more years, on condition that this advice was followed. He did not absolutely say that the allowance would be stopped if the advice were not followed, but that was plainly to be implied. That letter came at the moment of a dissolution of Parliament. Lord de Terrier, the Conservative Prime Minister, who had now been in office for the almost unprecedentedly long period of fifteen months, had found that he could not face continued majorities against him in the House of Commons, and had dissolved the House. Rumour declared that he would have much preferred to resign, and betake himself once again to the easy glories of opposition; but his party had naturally been obdurate with him, and he had resolved to appeal to the country. When Phineas received his father's letter, it had just been suggested to him at the Reform Club that he should stand for the Irish borough of Loughshane.

This proposition had taken Phineas Finn so much by surprise, that when first made to him by Barrington Erle it took his breath away. What! he stand for Parliament, twenty-four years old, with no vestige of property belonging to him, without a penny in his purse, as completely dependent on his father as he was when he first went to school at eleven years of age! And for Loughshane, a little borough in the

county Galway, for which a brother of that fine old Irish peer, the Earl of Tulla, had been sitting for the last twenty years, — a fine, high-minded representative of the thorough-going Orange Protestant feeling of Ireland! And the Earl of Tulla, to whom almost all Loughshane belonged, — or at any rate the land about Loughshane, — was one of his father's staunchest friends! Loughshane is in county Galway, but the Earl of Tulla usually lived at his seat in county Clare, not more than ten miles from Killaloe, and always confided his gouty feet, and the weak nerves of the old countess, and the stomachs of all his domestics, to the care of Dr. Finn. How was it possible that Phineas should stand for Loughshane? From whence was the money to come for such a contest? It was a beautiful dream, a grand idea, lifting Phineas almost off the earth by its glory. When the proposition was first made to him in the smoking-room at the Reform Club by his friend Erle, he was aware that he blushed like a girl, and that he was unable at the moment to express himself plainly, — so great was his astonishment and so great his gratification. But before ten minutes had passed by, while Barrington Erle was still sitting over his shoulder on the club sofa, and before the blushes had altogether vanished, he had seen the improbability of the scheme, and had explained to his friend that the thing could not be done. But to his increased astonishment, his friend made nothing of the difficulties. Loughshane, according to Barrington Erle, was so small a place, that the expense would be very little. There were altogether no more than 307 registered electors. The inhabitants were so far removed from the world, and were so ignorant of the world's good things, that they knew nothing about bribery. The Hon. George Morris, who had sat for the last twenty years, was very unpopular. He had not been near the borough since the last election, he had hardly done more than show himself in Parliament, and had neither given a shilling in the town nor got a place under Government for a single son of Loughshane. "And he has quarrelled with his brother," said Barrington Erle. "The devil he has!" said Phineas. "I thought they always swore by each other." "It's at each other they swear now," said Barrington; "George has asked the Earl for more money, and the Earl has cut up rusty." Then the negotiator went on to explain that the expenses of the election would be defrayed out of a certain fund collected for such purposes, that Loughshane had been chosen as a cheap

place, and that Phineas Finn had been chosen as a safe and promising young man. As for qualification, if any question were raised, that should be made all right. An Irish Candidate was wanted, and a Roman Catholic. So much the Loughshaners would require on their own account when instigated to dismiss from their service that thorough-going Protestant, the Hon. George Morris. Then "the party," — by which Barrington Erle probably meant the great man in whose service he himself had become a politician, — required that the candidate should be a safe man, one who would support "the party," not a cantankerous, red-hot semi-Fenian, running about to meetings at the Rotunda, and such like, with views of his own about tenant-right and the Irish Church. "But I have views of my own," said Phineas, blushing again. "Of course you have, my dear boy," said Barrington, clapping him on the back. "I shouldn't come to you unless you had views. But your views and ours are the same, and you're just the lad for Galway. You mightn't have such an opening again in your life, and of course you'll stand for Loughshane." Then the conversation was over, the private secretary went away to arrange some other little matter of the kind, and Phineas Finn was left alone to consider the proposition that had been made to him.

To become a member of the British Parliament! In all those hot contests at the two debating clubs to which he had belonged, this had been the ambition which had moved him. For, after all, to what purpose of their own had those empty debates ever tended? He and three or four others who had called themselves Liberals had been pitted against four or five who had called themselves Conservatives, and night after night they had discussed some ponderous subject without any idea that one would ever persuade another, or that their talking would ever conduce to any action or to any result. But each of these combatants had felt, — without daring to announce a hope on the subject among themselves, — that the present arena was only a trial-ground for some possible greater amphitheatre, for some future debating club in which debates would lead to action, and in which eloquence would have power, even though persuasion might be out of the question.

Phineas certainly had never dared to speak, even to himself, of such a hope. The labours of the Bar had to be encountered before the dawn of such a hope could come to him. And he had gradually learned to feel that his prospects at the Bar were not as

yet very promising. As regarded professional work he had been idle, and how then could he have a hope?

And now this thing, which he regarded as being of all things in the world the most honourable, had come to him all at once, and was possibly within his reach! If he could believe Barrington Erle, he had only to lift up his hand, and he might be in Parliament within two months. And who was to be believed on such a subject if not Barrington Erle? This was Erle's especial business, and such a man would not have come to him on such a subject had he not been in earnest, and had he not himself believed in success. There was an opening ready, an opening to this great glory, — if only it might be possible for him to fill it!

What would his father say? His father would of course oppose the plan. And if he opposed his father, his father would of course stop his income. And such an income as it was! Could it be that a man should sit in Parliament and live upon a hundred and fifty pounds a year? Since that payment of his debts he had become again embarrassed, — to a slight amount. He owed a tailor a trifle, and a bootmaker a trifle, — and something to the man who sold gloves and shirts; and yet he had done his best to keep out of debt with more than Irish pertinacity, living very closely, breakfasting upon tea and a roll, and dining frequently for a shilling at a luncheon-house up a court near Lincoln's Inn. Where should he dine if the Loughshaneers elected him to Parliament? And then he painted to himself a not untrue picture of the probable miseries of a man who begins life too high up on the ladder, — who succeeds in mounting before he has learned how to hold on when he is aloft. For our Phineas Finn was a young man not without sense, — not entirely a windbag. If he did this thing the probability was that he might become utterly a castaway, and go entirely to the dogs before he was thirty. He had heard of penniless men who had got into Parliament, and to whom had come such a fate. He was able to name to himself a man or two whose barks, carrying more sail than they could bear, had gone to pieces among early breakers in this way. But then, would it not be better to go to pieces early than never to carry any sail at all? And there was, at any rate, the chance of success. He was already a barrister, and there were so many things open to a barrister with a seat in Parliament! And as he knew of men who had been utterly ruined by such early mounting, so also did he know of others whose fortunes had been

made by happy audacity when they were young. He almost thought that he could die happy if he had once taken his seat in Parliament, — if he had received one letter with those grand initials written after his name on the address. Young men in battle are called upon to lead forlorn hopes. Three fall, perhaps, to one who gets through; but the one who gets through will have the Victoria Cross to carry for the rest of his life. This was his forlorn hope; and as he had been invited to undertake the work, he would not turn from the danger. On the following morning he again saw Barrington Erle by appointment, and then wrote the following letter to his father: —

"Reform Club, Feb., 186—.

"MY DEAR FATHER,

I am afraid that the purport of this letter will startle you; but I hope that when you have finished it you will think that I am right in my decision as to what I am going to do. You are no doubt aware that the dissolution of Parliament will take place at once, and that we shall be in all the turmoil of a general election by the middle of March. I have been invited to stand for Loughshane, and have consented. The proposition has been made to me by my friend Barrington Erle, Mr. Mildmay's private secretary, and has been made on behalf of the Political Committee of the Reform Club. I need hardly say that I should not have thought of such a thing with a less thorough promise of support than this gives me, nor should I think of it now had I not been assured that none of the expense of the election would fall upon me. Of course I could not have asked you to pay for it.

"But to such a proposition, so made, I have felt that it would be cowardly to give a refusal. I cannot but regard such a selection as a great honour. I own that I am fond of politics, and have taken great delight in their study" — ("Stupid young fool!" his father said to himself as he read this) — and it has been my dream for years past to have a seat in Parliament at some future time." ("Dream! yes; I wonder whether he has ever dreamed what he is to live upon.") "The chance has now come to me much earlier than I have looked for it, but I do not think that it should on that account be thrown away. Looking to my profession, I find that many things are open to a barrister with a seat in Parliament, and that the House need not interfere much with a man's practice." ("Not if he has got to the top of his tree," said the doctor.)

"My chief doubt arose from the fact of your old friendship with Lord Tulla, whose brother has filled the seat for I don't know how many years. But it seems that George Morris must go; or, at least, that he must be opposed by a Liberal candidate. If I do not stand, some one else will, and I should think that Lord Tulla will be too much of a man to make any personal quarrel on such a subject. If he is to lose the borough, why should not I have it as well as another?"

"I can fancy, my dear father, all that you will say as to my imprudence, and I quite confess that I have not a word to answer. I have told myself more than once, since last night, that I shall probably ruin myself." ("I wonder whether he has ever told himself that he will probably ruin me also," said the doctor.) "But I am prepared to ruin myself in such a cause. I have no one dependent on me; and, as long as I do nothing to disgrace my name, I may dispose of myself as I please. If you decide on stopping my allowance, I shall have no feeling of anger against you!" ("How very considerate!" said the doctor.) "And in that case I shall endeavour to support myself by my pen. I have already done a little in the magazines.

"Give my best love to my mother and sisters. If you will receive me during the time of the election, I shall see them soon. Perhaps it will be best for me to say that I have positively decided on making the attempt; that is to say, if the Club Committee is as good as its promise. I have weighed the matter all round, and I regard the prize as being so great, that I am prepared to run any risk to obtain it. Indeed, to me, with my views about politics, the running of such a risk is no more than a duty. I cannot keep my hand from the work now that the work has come in the way of my hand. I shall be most anxious to get a line from you in answer to this.

"Your most affectionate son.

"PHINEAS FINN."

I question whether Dr. Finn, when he read this letter, did not feel more of pride than of anger, — whether he was not rather gratified than displeased, in spite of all that his common-sense told him on the subject. His wife and daughters, when they heard the news, were clearly on the side of the young man. Mrs. Finn immediately expressed an opinion that Parliament would be the making of her son, and that everybody would be sure to employ so distinguished a barrister. The girls declared that Phineas ought, at any rate, to have his

chance, and almost asserted that it would be brutal in their father to stand in their brother's way. It was in vain that the doctor tried to explain that going into Parliament could not help a young barrister, whatever it might do for one thoroughly established in his profession; that Phineas, if successful at Loughshane, would at once abandon all idea of earning any income, — that the proposition, coming from so poor a man, was a monstrosity, — that such an opposition to the Morris family, coming from a son of his, would be gross ingratitude to Lord Tulla. Mrs. Finn and the girls talked him down, and the doctor himself was almost carried away by something like vanity in regard to his son's future position.

Nevertheless he wrote a letter strongly advising Phineas to abandon the project. But he himself was aware that the letter which he wrote was not one from which any success could be expected. He advised his son, but did not command him. He made no threats as to stopping his income. He did not tell Phineas, in so many words, that he was proposing to make an ass of himself. He argued very prudently against the plan, and Phineas, when he received his father's letter, of course felt that it was tantamount to a paternal permission to proceed with the matter. On the next day he got a letter from his mother full of affection, full of pride, — not exactly telling him to stand for Loughshane by all means, for Mrs. Finn was not the woman to run openly counter to her husband in any advice given by her to their son, — but giving him every encouragement which motherly affection and motherly pride could bestow. "Of course you will come to us," she said, "if you do make up your mind to be member for Loughshane. We shall all of us be so delighted to have you!" Phineas, who had fallen into a sea of doubt after writing to his father, and who had demanded a week from Barrington Erle to consider the matter, was elated to positive certainty by the joint effect of the two letters from home. He understood it all. His mother and sisters were altogether in favour of his audacity, and even his father was not disposed to quarrel with him on the subject.

"I shall take you at your word," he said to Barrington Erle at the club that evening.

"What word?" said Erle, who had too many irons in the fire to be thinking always of Loughshane and Phineas Finn, — or who at any rate did not choose to let his anxiety on the subject be seen.

"About Loughshane."

"All right, old fellow; we shall be sure to carry you through. The Irish writs will be out on the third of March, and the sooner you're there the better."

CHAPTER II.

PHINEAS FINN IS ELECTED FOR LOUGHSHANE.

ONE great difficulty about the borough vanished in a very wonderful way at the first touch. Dr. Finn, who was a man stout at heart, and by no means afraid of his great friends, drove himself over to Castle-morris to tell his news to the Earl, as soon as he got a second letter from his son declaring his intention of proceeding with the business, let the results be what they might. Lord Tulla was a passionate old man, and the doctor expected that there would be a quarrel;—but he was prepared to face that. He was under no special debt of gratitude to the lord, having given as much as he had taken in the long intercourse which had existed between them;—and he agreed with his son in thinking that if there was to be a Liberal candidate at Loughshane, no consideration of old pill-boxes and gallipots should deter his son Phineas from standing. Other considerations might very probably deter him, but not that. The Earl probably would be of a different opinion, and the doctor felt it to be incumbent on him to break the news to Lord Tulla.

"The devil he is!" said the Earl, when the doctor had told his story. "Then I'll tell you what, Finn, I'll support him."

"You support him, Lord Tulla!"

"Yes;—why shouldn't I support him? I suppose it's not so bad with me in the country that my support will rob him of his chance! I'll tell you one thing for certain, I won't support George Morris."

"But, my lord"—

"Well; go on."

"I've never taken much part in politics myself, as you know; but my boy Phineas is on the other side."

"I don't care a——for sides. What has my party done for me? Look at my cousin, Dick Morris. There's not a clergyman in Ireland stauncher to them than he has been, and now they've given the deanery of Kilfenora to a man that never had a father, though I condescended to ask for it for my cousin. Let them wait till I ask for my thing again." Dr. Finn, who knew all about Dick Morris's debts, and who had

heard of his modes of preaching, was not surprised at the decision of the Conservative bestower of Irish Church patronage; but on this subject he said nothing. "And as for George," continued the Earl, "I will never lift my hand again for him. His standing for Loughshane would be quite out of the question. My own tenants wouldn't vote for him if I were to ask them myself. Peter Blake"—Mr. Peter Blake was the lord's agent—"told me only a week ago that it would be useless. The whole thing is gone, and for my part I wish they'd disfranchise the borough. I wish they'd disfranchise the whole country, and send us a military governor. What's the use of such members as we send? There isn't one gentleman among ten of them. Your son is welcome for me. What support I can give him he shall have, but it isn't much. I suppose he had better come and see me."

The doctor promised that his son should ride over to Castle-morris, and then took his leave,—not specially flattered, as he felt that were his son to be returned, the Earl would not regard him as the one gentleman among ten whom the county might send to leaven the remainder of its members,—but aware that the greatest impediment in his son's way was already removed. He certainly had not gone to Castle-morris with any idea of canvassing for his son, and yet he had canvassed for him most satisfactorily. When he got home he did not know how to speak of the matter otherwise than triumphantly to his wife and daughters. Though he desired to curse, his mouth would speak blessings. Before that evening was over the prospects of Phineas at Loughshane were spoken of with open enthusiasm before the doctor, and by the next day's post a letter was written to him by Matilda, informing him that the Earl was prepared to receive him with open arms. "Papa has been over there and managed it all," said Matilda.

"I'm told George Morris isn't going to stand," said Barrington Erle to Phineas the night before his departure.

"His brother won't support him. His brother means to support me," said Phineas.

"That can hardly be so."

"But I tell you it is. My father has known the Earl these twenty years, and has managed it."

"I say, Finn, you're not going to play us a trick, are you?" said Mr. Erle, with something like dismay in his voice.

"What sort of trick?"

"You're not coming out on the other side?"

"Not if I know it," said Phineas, proudly.

"Let me assure you I wouldn't change my views in politics either for you or for the Earl, though each of you carried seats in your breeches pockets. If I go into Parliament, I shall go there as a sound Liberal, — not to support a party, but to do the best I can for the country. I tell you so, and I shall tell the Earl the same."

Barrington Erle turned away in disgust. Such language was to him simply disgusting. It fell upon his ears as false maddening sentiment falls on the ears of the ordinary honest man of the world. Barrington Erle was a man ordinarily honest. He would not have been untrue to his mother's brother, William Mildmay, the great Whig Minister of the day, for any earthly consideration. He was ready to work with wages or without wages. He was really zealous in the cause, not asking very much for himself. He had some undefined belief that it was much better for the country that Mr. Mildmay should be in power than that Lord de Terrier should be there. He was convinced that Liberal politics were good for Englishmen, and that Liberal politics and the Mildmay party were one and the same thing. It would be unfair to Barrington Erle to deny to him some praise for patriotism. But he hated the very name of independence in Parliament, and when he was told of any man, that that man intended to look to measures and not to men, he regarded that man as being both unstable as water and dishonest as the wind. No good could possibly come from such a one, and much evil might and probably would come. Such a politician was a Greek to Barrington Erle, from whose hands he feared to accept even the gift of a vote. Parliamentary hermits were distasteful to him, and dwellers in political caves were regarded by him with aversion as being either knavish or impractical. With a good Conservative opponent he could shake hands almost as readily as with a good Whig ally; but the man who was neither flesh nor fowl was odious to him. According to his theory of parliamentary government, the House of Commons should be divided by a marked line, and every member should be required to stand on one side of it or on the other. "If not with me, at any rate be against me," he would have said to every representative of the people in the name of the great leader whom he followed. He thought that debates were good, because of the people outside, — because they served to create that public opinion which was hereafter to

be used in creating some future House of Commons; but he did not think it possible that any vote should be given on a great question, either this way or that, as the result of a debate; and he was certainly assured in his own opinion that any such changing of votes would be dangerous, revolutionary, and almost unparliamentary. A member's vote, — except on some small crotchety open question thrown out for the amusement of crotchety members, — was due to the leader of that member's party. Such was Mr. Erle's idea of the English system of Parliament, and, lending semi-official assistance as he did frequently to the introduction of candidates into the House, he was naturally anxious that his candidates should be candidates after his own heart. When, therefore, Phineas Finn talked of measures and not men, Barrington Erle turned away in open disgust. But he remembered the youth and extreme rawness of the lad, and he remembered also the career of other men.

Barrington Erle was forty, and experience had taught him something. After a few seconds, he brought himself to think mildly of the young man's vanity, — as of the vanity of a plunging colt who resents the liberty even of a touch. "By the end of the first session the thong will be cracked over his head, as he patiently assists in pulling the coach up hill, without producing from him even a flick of his tail," said Barrington Erle to an old parliamentary friend.

"If he were to come out after all on the wrong side," said the parliamentary friend.

Erle admitted that such a trick as that would be unpleasant, but he thought that old Lord Tulla was hardly equal to so clever a stratagem.

Phineas went to Ireland, and walked over the course at Loughshane. He called upon Lord Tulla, and heard that venerable nobleman talk a great deal of nonsense. To tell the truth of Phineas, I must confess that he wished to talk the nonsense himself; but the Earl would not hear him, and put him down very quickly. "We won't discuss politics, if you please, Mr. Finn; because, as I have already said, I am throwing aside all political considerations." Phineas, therefore, was not allowed to express his views on the government of the country in the Earl's sitting-room at Castle-morris. There was, however, a good time coming; and so, for the present, he allowed the Earl to ramble on about the sins of his brother George, and the want of all proper pedigree on the part of the new Dean of Killenora. The

conference ended with an assurance on the part of Lord Tulla that if the Loughshaners chose to elect Mr. Phineas Finn he would not be in the least offended. The electors did elect Mr. Phineas Finn,—perhaps for the reason given by one of the Dublin Conservative papers, which declared that it was all the fault of the Carlton Club in not sending a proper candidate. There was a great deal said about the matter, both in London and Dublin, and the blame was supposed to fall on the joint shoulders of George Morris and his elder brother. In the meantime, our hero, Phineas Finn, had been duly elected member of Parliament for the borough of Loughshane.

The Finn family could not restrain their triumphings at Killaloe, and I do not know that it would have been natural had they done so. A gosling from such a flock does become something of a real swan by getting into Parliament. The doctor had his misgivings,—had great misgivings, fearful forebodings; but there was the young man elected, and he could not help it. He could not refuse his right hand to his son or withdraw his paternal assistance because that son had been specially honoured among the young men of his country. So he pulled out of his hoard what sufficed to pay off outstanding debts,—they were not heavy,—and undertook to allow Phineas two hundred and fifty pounds a year as long as the session should last.

There was a widow lady living at Killaloe who was named Mrs. Flood Jones, and she had a daughter. She had a son also, born to inherit the property of the late Floscabel Flood Jones, of Floodborough, as soon as that property should have disembarrassed itself; but with him, now serving with his regiment in India, we shall have no concern. Mrs. Flood Jones was living modestly at Killaloe, on her widow's jointure,—Floodborough having, to tell the truth, pretty nearly fallen into absolute ruin,—and with her lived her one daughter, Mary. Now, on the evening before the return of Phineas Finn, Esq., M.P., to London, Mrs. and Miss Flood Jones drank tea at the doctor's house.

"It won't make a bit of change in him," Barbara Finn said to her friend Mary, up in some bedroom privacy before the tea-drinking ceremonies had altogether commenced.

"Oh, it must," said Mary.

"I tell you it won't, my dear; he is so good and so true."

"I know he is good, Barbara; and as for truth, there is no question about it, because

he has never said a word to me that he might not say to any girl."

"That's nonsense, Mary."

"He never has, then, as sure as the blessed Virgin watches over us;—only you don't believe she does."

"Never mind about the Virgin now, Mary."

"But he never has. Your brother is nothing to me, Barbara."

"Then I hope he will be before the evening is over. He was walking with you all yesterday and the day before."

"Why shouldn't he,—and we that have known each other all our lives? But, Barbara, pray, pray never say a word of this to any one!"

"Is it I? Wouldn't I cut out my tongue first?"

"I don't know why I let you talk to me in this way. There has never been anything between me and Phineas,—your brother I mean."

"I know whom you mean very well."

"And I feel quite sure that there never will be. Why should there? He'll go out among great people and be a great man; and I've already found out that there's a certain Lady Laura Standish whom he admires very much."

"Lady Laura Fiddlestick!"

"A man in Parliament, you know, may look up to any body," said Miss Mary Flood Jones.

"I want Phin to look up to you, my dear."

"That wouldn't be looking up. Placed as he is now, that would be looking down; and he is so proud that he'll never do that. But come down, dear, else they'll wonder where we are."

Mary Flood Jones was a little girl about twenty years of age, with the softest hair in the world, of a colour varying between brown and auburn,—for sometimes you would swear it was the one and sometimes the other; and she was as pretty as ever she could be. She was one of those girls, so common in Ireland, whom men, with tastes that way given, feel inclined to take up and devour on the spur of the moment; and when she liked her lion, she had a look about her which seemed to ask to be devoured. There are girls so cold-looking,—pretty girls, too, ladylike, discreet, and armed with all accomplishments,—whom to attack seems to require the same sort of courage, and the same sort of preparation, as a journey in quest of the north-west passage. One thinks of a pedestal near the Athenæum as the most appropriate and

most honorable reward of such courage. But, again, there are other girls to abstain from attacking whom is, to a man of any warmth of temperament, quite impossible. They are like water when one is athirst, like plovers' eggs in March, like cigars when one is out in the autumn. No one ever dreams of denying himself when such temptation comes in the way. It often happens, however, that in spite of appearances, the water will not come from the well, nor the egg from its shell, nor will the cigar allow itself to be lit. A girl of such appearance, so charming, was Mary Flood Jones of Killaloe, and our hero Phineas was not allowed to thirst in vain for a drop from the cool spring.

When the girls went down into the drawing-room Mary was careful to go to a part of the room quite remote from Phineas, so as to seat herself between Mrs. Finn and Dr. Finn's young partner, Mr. Elias Bodkin, from Ballinasloe. But Mrs. Finn and the Miss Finns and all Killaloe knew that Mary had no love for Mr. Bodkin, and when Mr. Bodkin handed her the hot cake she hardly so much as smiled at him. But in two minutes Phineas was behind her chair, and then she smiled; and in five minutes more she had got herself so twisted round that she was sitting in a corner with Phineas and his sister Barbara; and in two more minutes Barbara had returned to Mr. Elias Bodkin, so that Phineas and Mary were uninterrupted. They manage these things very quickly and very cleverly in Killaloe.

"I shall be off to-morrow morning by the early train," said Phineas.

"So soon;—and when will you have to begin,—in Parliament, I mean?"

"I shall have to take my seat on Friday. I'm going back just in time."

"But when shall we hear of your saying something?"

"Never, probably. Not one in ten who go into Parliament ever do say anything."

"But you will; won't you? I hope you will. I do so hope you will distinguish yourself;—because of your sister, and for the sake of the town, you know."

"And is that all, Mary?"

"Isn't that enough?"

"You don't care a bit about myself, then?"

"You know that I do. Haven't we been friends ever since we were children? Of course it will be a great pride to me that a person whom I have known so intimately should come to be talked about as a great man."

"I shall never be talked about as a great man."

"You're a great man to me already, being in Parliament. Only think;—I never saw a member of Parliament in my life before."

"You've seen the bishop scores of times."

"Is he in Parliament? Ah, but not like you. He couldn't come to be a Cabinet Minister, and one never reads anything about him in the newspapers. I shall expect to see your name very often, and I shall always look for it. 'Mr. Phineas Finn paired off with Mr. Mildmay.' What is the meaning of pairing off?"

"I'll explain it all to you when I come back, after learning my lesson."

"Mind you do come back. But I don't suppose you ever will. You will be going somewhere to see Lady Laura Standish when you are not wanted in Parliament."

"Lady Laura Standish!"

"And why shouldn't you? Of course, with your prospects, you should go as much as possible among people of that sort. Is Lady Laura very pretty?"

"She's about six feet high."

"Nonsense. I don't believe that."

"She would look as though she were, standing by you."

"Because I am so insignificant and small."

"Because your figure is perfect, and because she is straggling. She is as unlike you as possible in everything. She has thick lumpy red hair, while yours is all silk and softness. She has large hands and feet, and"—

"Why, Phineas, you are making her out to be an ogress, and yet I know that you admire her."

"So I do, because she possesses such an appearance of power. And after all, in spite of the lumpy hair, and in spite of large hands and straggling figure, she is handsome. One can't tell what it is. One can see that she is quite contented with herself and intends to make others contented with her. And so she does."

"I see you are in love with her, Phineas."

"No; not in love,—not with her at least. Of all men in the world, I suppose that I am the last that has a right to be in love. I dare say I shall marry some day."

"I'm sure I hope you will."

"But not till I'm forty or perhaps fifty years old. If I was not fool enough to have what men call a high ambition I might venture to be in love now."

"I'm sure I'm very glad that you've got a high ambition. It is what every man ought to have; and I've no doubt that we shall

hear of your marriage soon,—very soon. And then,—if she can help you in your ambition, we—shall—all—be so—glad.”

Phineas did not say a word further then. Perhaps some commotion among the party broke up the little private conversation in the corner. And he was not alone with Mary again till there came a moment for him to put her cloak over her shoulders in the back parlor, while Mrs. Flood Jones was finishing some important narrative to his mother. It was Barbara, I think, who stood in some doorway, and prevented people from passing, and so gave him the opportunity which he abused.

“Mary,” said he, taking her in his arms, without a single word of love-making beyond what the reader has heard,—“one kiss before we part.”

“No, Phineas, no!” But the kiss had been taken and given before she had even answered him. “Oh, Phineas, you shouldn’t!”

“I should. Why shouldn’t I? And, Mary, I will have one morsel of your hair.”

“You shall not; indeed, you shall not!” But the scissors were at hand, and the ringlet was cut and in his pocket before she was ready with her resistance. There was nothing further;—not a word more, and Mary went away with her veil down, under her mother’s wing, weeping sweet silent tears which no one saw.

“You do love her; don’t you, Phineas?” asked Barbara.

“Bother! Do you go to bed, and don’t trouble yourself about such trifles. But mind you’re up, old girl, to see me off in the morning.”

Everybody was up to see him off in the morning, to give him coffee and good advice, and kisses, and to throw all manner of old shoes after him as he started on his great expedition to Parliament. His father gave him an extra twenty-pound note, and begged him for God’s sake to be careful about his money. His mother told him always to have an orange in his pocket when he intended to speak longer than usual. And Barbara in a last whisper begged him never to forget dear Mary Flood Jones.

CHAPTER III.

PHINEAS FINN TAKES HIS SEAT.

PHINEAS had many serious, almost solemn thoughts on his journey towards London. I am sorry I must assure my female readers that very few of them had

reference to Mary Flood Jones. He had, however, very carefully packed up the tress, and could bring that out for proper acts of erotic worship at seasons in which his mind might be less engaged with affairs of state than it was at present. Would he make a failure of this great matter which he had taken in hand? He could not but tell himself that the chances were twenty to one against him. Now, that he looked nearer at it all, the difficulties loomed larger than ever, and the rewards seemed to be less, more difficult of approach, and more evanescent. How many members were there who could never get a hearing! How many who only spoke to fail! How many, who spoke well, who could speak to no effect as far as their own worldly prospects were concerned! He had already known many members of Parliament to whom no outward respect or sign of honour was ever given by any one; and it seemed to him, as he thought over it, that Irish members of Parliament were generally treated with more indifference than any others. There were O’B—and O’C—and O’D—for whom no one cared a straw, who could hardly get men to dine with them at the club, and yet they were genuine members of Parliament. Why should he ever be better than O’B—or O’C—or O’D? And in what way should he begin to be better? He had an idea of the fashion after which it would be his duty to strive that he might excel those gentlemen. He did not give any of them credit for much earnestness in their country’s behalf, and he was minded to be very earnest. He would go to his work honestly and conscientiously, determined to do his duty as best he might, let the results to himself be what they would. This was a noble resolution, and might have been pleasant to him,—had he not remembered that smile of derision which had come over his friend Erle’s face when he declared his intention of doing his duty to his country as a Liberal, and not of supporting a party. O’B—and O’C—and O’D—were keen enough to support their party, only they were sometimes a little astray at knowing which was their party for the nonce. He knew that Erle and such men would despise him if he did not fall into the regular groove,—and if the Barrington Erles despised him, what would then be left for him?

His moody thoughts were somewhat dissipated when he found one Laurence Fitzgibbon,—the Honorable Laurence Fitzgibbon,—a special friend of his own, and a very clever fellow, on board the boat as

it steamed out of Kingston harbour. Laurence Fitzgibbon had also just been over about his election, and had been returned as a matter of course for his father's county. Laurence Fitzgibbon had sat in the House for the last fifteen years, and was yet wellnigh as young a man as any in it. And he was a man altogether different from the O'B——s, O'C——s, and O'D——s. Laurence Fitzgibbon could always get the ear of the House if he chose to speak, and his friends declared that he might have been high up in office long since if he would have taken the trouble to work. He was a welcome guest at the houses of the very best people, and was a friend of whom any one might be proud. It had for two years been a feather in the cap of Phineas that he knew Laurence Fitzgibbon. And yet people said that Laurence Fitzgibbon had nothing of his own, and men wondered how he lived. He was the youngest son of Lord Claddagh, an Irish peer with a large family, who could do nothing for Laurence, his favourite child, beyond finding him a seat in Parliament.

"Well, Finn, my boy," said Laurence, shaking hands with the young member on board the steamer, "so you've made it all right at Loughshane." Then Phineas was beginning to tell all the story, the wonderful story, of George Morris and the Earl of Tulla, — how the men of Loughshane had elected him without opposition; how he had been supported by Conservatives as well as Liberals; — how unanimous Loughshane had been in electing him, Phineas Finn, as its representative. But Mr. Fitzgibbon seemed to care very little about all this, and went so far as to declare that those things were accidents which fell out sometimes one way and sometimes another, and were altogether independent of any merit or demerit on the part of the candidate himself. And it was marvellous and almost painful to Phineas that his friend Fitzgibbon should accept the fact of his membership with so little of congratulation, — with absolutely no blowing of trumpets whatever. Had he been elected a member of the municipal corporation of Loughshane, instead of its representative in the British Parliament, Laurence Fitzgibbon could not have made less fuss about it. Phineas was disappointed, but he took the cue from his friend too quickly to show his disappointment. And when, half an hour after their meeting, Fitzgibbon had to be reminded that his companion was not in the House during the last session, Phineas was able to make the remark as though he thought as

little about the House as did the old-accustomed member himself.

"As far as I can see as yet," said Fitzgibbon, "we are sure to have seventeen."

"Seventeen?" said Phineas, not quite understanding the meaning of the number quoted.

"A majority of seventeen. There are four Irish counties and three Scotch which haven't returned as yet; but we know pretty well what they'll do. There's a doubt about Tipperary, of course; but whichever gets in of the seven who are standing, it will be a vote on our side. Now the Government can't live against that. The uphill strain is too much for them."

"According to my idea, nothing can justify them in trying to live against a majority."

"That's gammon. When the thing is so equal, anything is fair. But you see they don't like it. Of course there are some among them as hungry as we are; and Dubby would give his toes and fingers to remain in." Dubby was the ordinary name by which, among friends and foes, Mr. Daubeny was known; Mr. Daubeny, who at that time was the leader of the Conservative party in the House of Commons.

"But most of them," continued Mr. Fitzgibbon, "prefer the other game, and if you don't care about money, upon my word it's the pleasanter game of the two."

"But the country gets nothing done by a Tory Government."

"As to that, it's six of one and half a dozen of the other. I never knew a government yet that wanted to do anything. Give a government a real strong majority, as the Tories used to have half a century since, and as a matter of course it will do nothing. Why should it? Doing things, as you call it, is only bidding for power, — for patronage and pay."

"And is the country to have no service done?"

"The country gets quite as much service as it pays for, — and perhaps a little more. The clerks in the offices work for the country. And the Ministers work too, if they've got anything to manage. There is plenty of work done; — but of work in Parliament, the less the better, according to my ideas. It's very little that ever is done, and that little is generally too much."

"But the people" —

"Come down and have a glass of brandy-and-water, and leave the people alone for the present. The people can take care of themselves a great deal better than we can take care of them." Mr. Fitzgibbon's doc-

trine as to the commonwealth was very different from that of Barrington Erle, and was still less to the taste of the new member. Barrington Erle considered that his leader, Mr. Mildmay, should be entrusted to make all necessary changes in the laws, and that an obedient House of Commons should implicitly obey that leader in authorising all changes proposed by him; — but according to Barrington Erle, such changes should be numerous and of great importance, and would, if duly passed into law at his lord's behest, gradually produce such a Whig Utopia in England as has never yet been seen on the face of the earth. Now, according to Mr. Fitzgibbon, the present Utopia would be good enough, — if only he himself might be once more put into possession of a certain semi-political place about the Court, from which he had heretofore drawn £1,000 per annum, without any work, much to his comfort. He made no secret of his ambition, and was chagrined simply at the prospect of having to return to his electors before he could enjoy those good things which he expected to receive from the undoubted majority of seventeen, which had been, or would be, achieved.

"I hate all change as a rule," said Fitzgibbon; "but, upon my word, we ought to alter that. When a fellow has got a crumb of comfort, after waiting for it years and years, and perhaps spending thousands in elections, he has to go back and try his hand again at the last moment, merely in obedience to some antiquated prejudice. Look at poor Jack Bond, — the best friend I ever had in the world. He was wrecked upon that rock for ever. He spent every shilling he had in contesting Romford three times running, — and three times running he got in. Then they made him Vice-Comptroller of the Granaries, and I'm shot if he didn't get spilt at Romford on standing for his re-election!"

"And what became of him?"

"God knows. I think I heard that he married an old woman and settled down somewhere. I know he never came up again. Now, I call that a confounded shame. I suppose I'm safe down in Mayo, but there's no knowing what may happen in these days."

As they parted at Euston Square, Phineas asked his friend some little nervous question as to the best mode of making a first entrance into the House. Would Laurence Fitzgibbon see him through the difficulties of the oath-taking? But Laurence Fitzgibbon made very little of the difficulty. "Oh; — you just come down, and there'll

be a rush of fellows, and you'll know everybody. You'll have to hang about for an hour or so, and then you'll get pushed through. There isn't time for much ceremony after a general election."

Phineas reached London early in the morning, and went home to bed for an hour or so. The House was to meet on that very day, and he intended to begin his parliamentary duties at once if he should find it possible to get some one to accompany him. He felt that he should lack courage to go down to Westminster Hall all alone, and explain to the policeman and door-keepers that he was the man who had just been elected member for Loughshane. So about noon he went into the Reform Club, and there he found a great crowd of men, among whom there was a plentiful sprinkling of members. Erle saw him in a moment, and came to him with congratulations.

"So you're all right, Finn," said he.

"Yes; I'm all right, — I didn't have much doubt about it when I went over."

"I never heard of a fellow with such a run of luck," said Erle. "It's just one of those flukes that occur once in a dozen elections. Any one on earth might have got in without spending a shilling."

Phineas didn't at all like this. "I don't think any one could have got in," said he, "without knowing Lord Tulla."

"Lord Tulla was nowhere, my dear boy, and could have nothing to say to it. But never mind that. You meet me in the lobby at two. There'll be a lot of us there, and we'll go in together. Have you seen Fitzgibbon?" Then Barrington Erle went off to other business, and Finn was congratulated by other men. But it seemed to him that the congratulations of his friends were not hearty. He spoke to some men, of whom he thought that he knew they would have given their eyes to be in Parliament; — and yet they spoke of his success as being a very ordinary thing. "Well, my boy, I hope you like it," said one middle-aged gentleman whom he had known ever since he came up to London. "The difference is between working for nothing and working for money. You'll have to work for nothing now."

"That's about it, I suppose," said Phineas.

"They say the House is a comfortable club," said the middle-aged friend, "but I confess that I shouldn't like being rung away from my dinner myself."

At two punctually Phineas was in the lobby at Westminster, and then he found himself taken into the House with a crowd of other men. The old and young, and

they who were neither old nor young, were mingled together, and there seemed to be very little respect of persons. On three or four occasions there was some cheering when a popular man or a great leader came in; but the work of the day left but little clear impression on the mind of the young member. He was confused, half elated, half disappointed, and had not his wits about him. He found himself constantly regretting that he was there; and as constantly telling himself that he, hardly yet twenty-five, without a shilling of his own, had achieved an entrance into that assembly which by the consent of all men is the greatest in the world, and which many of the rich magnates of the country had in vain spent heaps of treasure in their endeavours to open to their own footsteps. He tried hard to realise what he had gained, but the dust and the noise and the crowds and the want of something august to the eye were almost too strong for him. He managed, however, to take the oath early among those who took it, and heard the Queen's speech read and the Address moved and seconded. He was seated very uncomfortably, high up on a back seat, between two men whom he did not know; and he found the speeches to be very long. He had been in the habit of seeing such speeches reported in about a column, and he thought that these speeches must take at least four columns each. He sat out the debate on the Address till the House was adjourned, and then he went away to dine at his club. He did go into the dining-room of the House, but there was a crowd there, and he found himself alone, — and to tell the truth, he was afraid to order his dinner.

The nearest approach to a triumph which he had in London came to him from the glory which his election reflected upon his landlady. She was a kindly good motherly soul, whose husband was a journeyman law-stationer, and who kept a very decent house in Great Marlborough Street. Here Phineas had lodged since he had been in London, and was a great favourite. "God bless my soul, Mr. Phineas," said she, "only think of your being a member of Parliament!"

"Yes, I'm a member of Parliament, Mrs. Bunce."

"And you'll go on with the rooms the same as ever? Well, I never thought to have a member of Parliament in 'em."

Mrs. Bunce really had realized the magnitude of the step which her lodger had taken, and Phineas was grateful to her.

CHAPTER IV.

LADY LAURA STANDISH.

PHINEAS, in describing Lady Laura Standish to Mary Flood Jones at Killaloe, had not painted her in very glowing colours. Nevertheless he admired Lady Laura very much, and she was worthy of admiration. It was probably the greatest pride of our hero's life that Lady Laura Standish was his friend, and that she had instigated him to undertake the risk of parliamentary life. Lady Laura was intimate also with Barrington Erle, who was, in some distant degree, her cousin; and Phineas was not without a suspicion that his selection for Loughshane, from out of all the young liberal candidates, may have been in some degree owing to Lady Laura's influence with Barrington Erle. He was not unwilling that it should be so; for though, as he had repeatedly told himself, he was by no means in love with Lady Laura, — who was, as he imagined, somewhat older than himself, — nevertheless, he would feel gratified at accepting anything from her hands, and he felt a keen desire for some increase to those ties of friendship which bound them together. No; — he was not in love with Lady Laura Standish. He had not the remotest idea of asking her to be his wife. So he told himself, both before he went over for his election, and after his return. When he had found himself in a corner with poor little Mary Flood Jones, he had kissed her as a matter of course; but he did not think that he could, in any circumstances, be tempted to kiss Lady Laura. He supposed that he was in love with his darling little Mary, — after a fashion. Of course, it could never come to anything, because of the circumstances of his life, which were so imperious to him. He was not in love with Lady Laura, and yet he hoped that his intimacy with her might come to much. He had more than once asked himself how he would feel when somebody else came to be really in love with Lady Laura, — for she was by no means a woman to lack lovers, — when some one else should be in love with her, and be received by her as a lover; but this question he had never been able to answer. There were many questions about himself which he usually answered by telling himself that it was his fate to walk over volcanoes. "Of course, I shall be blown into atoms some fine day," he would say; "but, after all, that is better than being slowly boiled down into pulp."

The House had met on a Friday, again on the Saturday morning, and the debate on the Address had been adjourned till the Monday. On the Sunday, Phineas determined that he would see Lady Laura. She professed to be always at home on Sunday, and from three to four in the afternoon her drawing-room would probably be half full of people. There would, at any rate, be comers and goers, who would prevent anything like real conversation between himself and her. But for a few minutes before that he might probably find her alone, and he was most anxious to see whether her reception of him, as a member of Parliament, would be in any degree warmer than that of his other friends. Hitherto he had found no such warmth since he came to London, excepting that which had glowed in the bosom of Mrs. Bunce.

Lady Laura Standish was the daughter of the Earl of Brentford, and was the only remaining lady of the Earl's family. The Countess had been long dead; and Lady Emily, the younger daughter, who had been the great beauty of her day, was now the wife of a Russian nobleman whom she had persisted in preferring to any of her English suitors, and lived at St. Petersburg. There was an aunt, old Lady Laura, who came up to town about the middle of May; but she was always in the country except for some six weeks in the season. There was a certain Lord Chiltern, the Earl's son and heir, who did indeed live at the family town house in Portman Square; but Lord Chiltern was a man of whom Lady Laura's set did not often speak, and Phineas, frequently as he had been at the house, had never seen Lord Chiltern there. He was a young nobleman of whom various accounts were given by various people; but I fear that the account most readily accepted in London attributed to him a great intimacy with affairs of Newmarket, and a partiality for convivial pleasures. Respecting Lord Chiltern Phineas had never as yet exchanged a word with Lady Laura. With her father he was acquainted, as he had dined perhaps half a dozen times at the house. The point in Lord Brentford's character which had more than any other struck our hero, was the unlimited confidence which he seemed to place in his daughter. Lady Laura seemed to have perfect power of doing what she pleased. She was much more mistress of herself than if she had been the wife instead of the daughter of the Earl of Brentford, — and she seemed to be quite as much mistress of the house.

Phineas had declared at Killaloe that

Lady Laura was six feet high, that she had red hair, that her figure was straggling, and that her hands and feet were large. She was in fact about five feet seven in height, and she carried her height well. There was something of nobility in her gait, and she seemed thus to be taller than her inches. Her hair was in truth red, — of a deep thorough redness. Her brother's hair was the same; and so had been that of her father, before it had become sandy with age. Her sister's had been of a soft auburn hue, and hers had been said to be the prettiest head of hair in Europe at the time of her marriage. But in these days we have got to like red hair, and Lady Laura's was not supposed to stand in the way of her being considered a beauty. Her face was very fair, though it lacked that softness which we all love in women. Her eyes, which were large and bright, and very clear, never seemed to quail, never rose and sank or showed themselves to be afraid of their own power. Indeed, Lady Laura Standish had nothing of fear about her. Her nose was perfectly cut, but was rather large, having the slightest possible tendency to be aquiline. Her mouth also was large, but was full of expression, and her teeth were perfect. Her complexion was very bright, but in spite of its brightness she never blushed. The shades of her complexion were set and steady. Those who knew her said that her heart was so fully under command that nothing could stir her blood to any sudden motion. As to that accusation of straggling which had been made against her, it had sprung from ill-natured observation of her modes of sitting. She never straggled when she stood or walked; but she would lean forward, when sitting, as a man does, and would use her arms in talking, and would put her hand over her face, and pass her fingers through her hair, — after the fashion of men rather than of women; — and she seemed to despise that soft quiescence of her sex in which are generally found so many charms. Her hands and feet were large, — as was her whole frame. Such was Lady Laura Standish; and Phineas Finn had been untrue to himself and to his own appreciation of the lady when he had described her in disparaging terms to Mary Flood Jones. But, though he had spoken of Lady Laura in disparaging terms, he had so spoken of her as to make Miss Flood Jones quite understand that he thought a great deal about Lady Laura.

And now, early on the Sunday, he made his way to Portman Square in order that he

might learn whether there might be any sympathy for him there. Hitherto he had found none. Everything had been terribly dry and hard, and he had gathered as yet none of the fruit which he had expected that his good fortune would bear for him. It is true that he had not as yet gone among any friends, except those of his club, and men who were in the House along with him;—and at the club it might be that there were some who envied him his good fortune, and others who thought nothing of it because it had been theirs for years. Now he would try a friend who, he hoped, could sympathise; and therefore he called in Portman Square at about half-past two on the Sunday morning. Yes,—Lady Laura was in the drawing-room. The hall-porter admitted as much, but evidently seemed to think that he had been disturbed from his dinner before his time. Phineas did not care a straw for the hall-porter. If Lady Laura were not kind to him, he would never trouble that hall-porter again. He was especially sore at this moment because a valued friend, the barrister with whom he had been reading for the last three years, had spent the best part of an hour that Sunday morning in proving to him that he had as good as ruined himself. “When I first heard it, of course I thought you had inherited a fortune,” said Mr. Low. “I have inherited nothing,” Phineas replied;—“not a penny; and I never shall.” Then Mr. Low had opened his eyes very wide, and shaken his head very sadly, and had whistled.

“I am so glad you have come, Mr. Finn,” said Lady Laura, meeting Phineas half-way across the large room.

“Thanks,” said he, as he took her hand.

“I thought that perhaps you would manage to see me before any one else was here.”

“Well;—to tell the truth, I have wished it; though I can hardly tell why.”

“I can tell you why, Mr. Finn. But never mind;—come and sit down. I am so very glad that you have been successful;—so very glad. You know I told you that I should never think much of you if you did not at least try it.”

“And therefore I did try.”

“And have succeeded. Faint heart, you know, never did any good. I think it is a man's duty to make his way into the House;—that is, if he ever means to be anybody. Of course it is not every man who can get there by the time that he is five-and-twenty.”

“Every friend that I have in the world says that I have ruined myself.”

“No;—I don't say so,” said Lady Laura.

“And you are worth all the others put together. It is such a comfort to have some one to say a cheery word to one.”

“You shall hear nothing but cheery words here. Papa shall say cheery words to you that shall be better than mine, because they shall be weighted with the wisdom of age. I have heard him say twenty times that the earlier a man goes into the House the better. There is so much to learn.”

“But your father was thinking of men of fortune.”

“Not at all;—of younger brothers, and barristers, and of men who have their way to make, as you have. Let me see,—can you dine here on Wednesday? There will be no party, of course, but papa will want to shake hands with you; and you legislators of the Lower House are more easily reached on Wednesdays than on any other day.”

“I shall be delighted,” said Phineas, feeling, however, that he did not expect much sympathy from Lord Brentford.

“Mr. Kennedy dines here;—you know Mr. Kennedy, of Loughlinier; and we will ask your friend Mr. Fitzgibbon. There will be nobody else. As for catching Barington Erle, that is out of the question at such a time as this.”

“But, going back to my being ruined”—said Phineas, after a pause.

“Don't think of anything so disagreeable.”

“You must not suppose that I am afraid of it. I was going to say that there are worse things than ruin,—or, at any rate, than the chance of ruin. Supposing that I have to emigrate and skin sheep, what does it matter? I myself, being unencumbered, have myself as my own property to do what I like with. With Nelson it was Westminster Abbey or a peerage. With me it is parliamentary success or sheep-skinning.”

“There shall be no sheep-skinning, Mr. Finn. I will guarantee you.”

“Then I shall be safe.”

At that moment the door of the room was opened, and a man entered with quick steps, came a few yards in, and then retreated, slamming the door after him. He was a man with thick short red hair, and an abundance of very red beard. And his face was red,—and, as it seemed to Phineas, his very eyes. There was something in the countenance of the man which struck him almost with dread,—something approaching to ferocity.

There was a pause a moment after the door was closed, and then Lady Laura spoke. “It was my brother Chiltern. I do not think that you have ever met him.”

From the Argosy.

LADY NAIRNE'S SONGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CITOYENNE JACQUELINE."

In the full blaze of Burns's fame as the song-writer of Scotland, the light of other song-writers was extinguished. Chief among those whose names were forgotten in the one name familiar alike to peer and peasant were Tannahill and Lady Nairne.

It is with the last this paper has to do — a song-writer one need have small hesitation in classing among the truest lyrists of any country for simple naturalness, humour, and pathos.

Whether there is much call to rescue from general oblivion the name of Lady Nairne, who while living cared so little for the breath of popular applause that she hardly took the trouble of acknowledging many of her songs, may be an open question; but there can be no doubt that to remember, and contrast as the lavish fruit of one generous intellect such songs as 'The Laird o' Cockpen,' 'The Land o' the Leal,' 'Caller Herrin', 'one of the best sets of 'Charlie is my Darling,' 'The Auld House,' 'The Rowan Tree,' and 'The Twa Doos,' is both wise and profitable.

I have not much to say of Lady Nairne personally. Her most peculiar qualities, after her strong affections, seem to have been the sense and modesty which made her care little for individual distinction. It is sufficient to say that she began her life as Caroline Oliphant, a namesake of Prince Charlie's and the fairest woman in Strath-earn, where her father was a gently-born laird of an old Jacobite stock. She married young, and she lost both husband and son (an only child) while she was still in her prime. In her aged widowhood she gave to Dr. Chalmers one of the most munificent grants for his work at the West Port of Edinburgh, accompanied by a request that the donor's name should not be mentioned. In other respects Caroline, Lady Nairne, like the novelist Jane Austen, belonged emphatically to her people, her home, and her own country side. It is in her songs that she belongs to broad Scotland, to the Canadian backwood, and to the Australian bush; in fact to wherever the Scotch tongue is spoken. It is therefore of her songs that I propose to treat.

Surely a great and woful change must have come over the spirit of the country if it is true, as some people allege, that Negro

melodies have superseded the 'Laird o' Cockpen,' — a song which at different times has been erroneously attributed to Sir Walter Scott and to Joanna Baillie, and which every member of every Scotch audience has heard crooned or chirped in glee and waggery.

But do all who know 'The Laird o' Cockpen' appreciate its matchless truth to the time, like as respects scene and dramatis personæ, its fine suggestive touches, and its Scotch *wut*, which is woman's archness here? Has not familiarity to some extent bred insensibility to its merits? Don't we take them for granted, and never count or measure them, like the good offices of kindred?

Let us look at the laird again, at his antecedents, his accompaniments, his mission, and how he fared —

His mind a' ta'en up wi' affairs o' the state.

Don't we all see the pompous, pedantic body, a Baron Bradwardine in nature, a Dumbiedykes in position?

He wanted a wife his braw house to keep.

What! for no reason of love or friendship, for no ancient kindness or later tenderness, for no rue, or passion, or pure life-long devotion? Only for vanity, and a vanity, too, which is at once of the grossest and pettiest description, that his gear might not be wasted, and his fine show spoilt. Truly for no other reason; since another line chronicles the laird's sole commendation of the object of his pursuit —

At his table-head he thought she'd look well.

At the table-head of Cockpen, before the haggis, and over against the punchbowl. In the old days to look well at the table-head of some laird, or soldier of fortune, or Edinburgh lawyer, was to tempt any woman of spirit to swear strongest faith, and humblest obedience to the one man in the world for her. No wonder then that the laird, pawky though croose, puffed out the reflection which closes the verse —

But favours frae women are fashious to seek,
or, as it is sometimes rendered,

Favours wi' woin' are fashious to seek.

Yes, certainly, "fashious" to such as the laird, for the contrary assertion would be a libel on the whole womenkind of old Scot-

land. But had the laird experience, think you? Had he tried the trick before and been worsted, though he had by no means grown a sadder and a wiser man in the process? Anyhow we are quite sure such is the laird's own sententious, sardonic reflections before he ran the gauntlet of a woman's scorn.

Down by yon dyke-side, a leddy did dwell.

How distinct the locality is in the mind's eye of a Scot! — the long dry-stone dyke, the bright eyes of fumarts and stots glancing out at the chinks, yellow-hammers tapping the shells there on a sunny spring day, and the bean and oat fields lying at so dead a level on Claverse-ha'-lea that the dyke becomes the most prominent feature of the landscape.

And what an incomparable mocking summary is given of the national pride and poverty (to do the laird justice, he is not mercenary — perhaps he is too conceited for that) in the couplet which barely sums up the lady's advantages; —

Macleish's ae dochter o' Claverse-ha'-lea,
A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

As the laird only wanted a careful housekeeper to preside creditably at his board, we can understand that he did not go in for all the graces and virtues. But two qualifications were indispensable — that the lady should be brought up to habits of thrift (involved in her penniless condition which, however, was unlogged with any encumbrance of sisters — single ladies expecting to pay long visits to Cockpen), and that she should be "gentle" to cap the pretensions of the strutting lady.

Next follows the laird's costume. How grand and effective it was or should have been!

His wig was weel powdered as gude as 'twas
new,
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue,
He put on a ring, a sword and cocked hat;
And wha could refuse the laird wi' a' that?

The laird's own confident interpolation and comment we echo, — who indeed? For, pausing and contemplating the laird in his splendour, and knowing the nature of silly, impressionable women, we begin to quake for Mistress Jean.

He took the grey mare —

I appeal to my readers, could the laird
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have ridden a horse of another sex, or another colour? Do you know what her name must have been? Meg, or Jess, or Dimple —

— and he rode cannilie —

dignified, deliberate, comfortable, as far as circumstances would admit. Could you for one moment fancy the laird whipping and spurring like a drunken Tam o' Shanter?

And rapp'd at the yett o' Claverse-ha'-lea.

There was no hesitation, no hanging back at the last moment. Don't you envy him his pluck? Ah! but don't begin to envy too soon,

Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben,
She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen.

No phrasing, or complimenting — no beseeching of an audience or bespeaking of grace — but a direct, imperative summons — Mistress Jean to be honoured by speech with the great man.

Before proceeding to the masterly sketch of Mistress Jean, let us disabuse our minds of a false impression which change of habits and customs may have produced — namely, that Mistress Jean was a lady of a certain age. Whether in such a case the answer would have been the same, I leave ladies of a certain age to decide, simply remarking, that there is not a grain of evidence in the song that Mistress Jean was out of her teens. In the generation in which the hero and heroine flourished, Mistress before the Christian name was the honourable distinction of every well-born lass; and lasses universally wore of a morning mutesches such as

— the mutch wi' red ribands.

Go back to your Boswell's Johnson, or to the plays of Drury Lane in Sheridan's time, and you will find queenly Mrs. Thrale's young daughter, Lydia Languish, Lady Townley, making their first appearance for the day in mob or fly caps, while the mention of them in the evenings "in their hair" sounds delightfully crisp, and brings back Sydney Smith's wish to sit at hot London dinner parties "in his bonnet." Then as to the heroine's occupation —

Mistress Jean she was making the elder-flower wine.

Not only must its fragrant fumes have risen

gratefully to the laird's nostrils, and caused his pursed-up mouth to water, but it likewise testified amply to the judiciousness of his selection, and the fitness of the future Lady Cockpen for her part in the drama of life, for such delicate brewst was the elegant fancy work of the day. Ye gods! what cockie-leekie, kail-brose, butter-sops, and dishes of tea she would prepare for the laird!

Mistress Jean, she was making the elder-flower wine.

Oh! what brings the laird here at sic a like time?

That sharp counter-query to the laird's challenge has an ominous ring. It might have made the rosy gills of the dauntless assailant turn blue. It is cool, cutting, desperately reasonable, and with a peppery spice of testiness in it. Beyond question, Mistress Jean had all her wits about her, and remained mistress of herself and the situation. And she was penniless. If uned she might have to repair to a town and take in lodgers, dress and mend laces, or practise the mantua-making and gum-flower trade, to gain a pittance, and keep body and soul together, before her history ended. The laird would have been a great match for her; she would have worn still richer silks at Cockpen. Cockpen would certainly have been a "bien down-sittin'"; might have been a cosy jointure house. Brave, true Mistress Jean!

Mark, at the same time, the strong dash of womanly coquetry in Mistress Jean's actions. She was seeking the puffing, blowing laird's presence in anything but a favourable temper; probably she guessed his stolid, churlish, impudent suit, and had already given it an answer in her heart; yet

She put off her apron, threw on her silk gown,
Her mutch wi' red ribands, and cam' awa' down.

Yes, she made herself killing to give the poor man his congé and his death-blow in one interview. She would smite him with her charms, whilst she extinguished his hopes and caused him never, never to forget her — caused him to fret and fume until he lay stretched on the best bed at Cockpen, had sent for a solicitor to draw out his testament, and a Mess John to pray for his soul.

And when she cam' ben he bood fu' low.

Was the dull prig of a laird really impressed with the charms of his mistress, en-

hanced as they were by "the mutch wi' red ribands?" or was it the mere outside lacquer of manner sitting stiffly on the wise bumpkin, that made him "boo fu' low?" We may safely believe the latter, for he showed no further symptoms of being overcome, but proceeded straight to business, and announced the object of his visit, short and sharp as a pistol-shot, precisely as he had demanded her company.

What was his errand he soon let her know,

without the smallest concern for Mistress Jean's feelings; without the most distant fear of overwhelming her with the awkwardness and pain of rejecting his bold proposal; without so much as a thought of the woman's shamefacedness, and instinctive reverence for her own womanhood. As "fools rush in where angels fear to tread," the dolt of a laird walked up to a hostile fortress without even the name or form of a siege, summoned it to surrender, and blurted out his intentions — yes, his intentions rather than his wishes. It is more than likely that he took snuff, flirted the powder from his wig to show his ring, and leant at once on his back bone and his sword, while the aggrieved, incensed woman looked down on him from the height of her indulgence, of her revolted generosity and tenderness.

But the laird did not understand a look. Perhaps he even ogled back with disgusting exultation and glee in his round eyes; for was he not amazed when the lady was forced to utter a single, significant word, the mere imagination of which has made stout men quake? But the laird would not quake, and why then cast useless minced words like pearls before swine?

Amazed was the laird when the ledly said
"Na,"

And wi' a low curtesy she turned awa'.

And very loud the wrathful lady said it. You may be assured that the deafest side of the wooden head might plainly hear her before she dropped the half disdainful, half formal curtesy, that last most fatal sign, which indicated beyond mistake that the lady was still mistress of herself in her wrath, and knew quite well what she was about, and would never reconsider or annul her sentence.

Thus ended the venture of a laird's wooing. We have only to follow for a little way the chopfallen but unrepentant laird on his return to Cockpen, where he carried the unpalatable remembrance of his disgraceful failure.

Still wonderfully in keeping is the narrative. "Dumbfounder'd" was the laird, not heart broken. Mistress Jean did not need to grow remorseful over her unmixed indignation and cruelty, for —

— nae sigh did he gie.

Not one sigh for high-spirited, disinterested Mistress Jean, who would be so true a wife to a true man!

He mounted his mare and he rode cannille.

When in his life would he do otherwise? What on earth would jog him and his beast to a quicker pace? What living creature would infuse richness and salt to replace the poverty and stagnation of the blue fluid in the laird's veins? He was not the man of whom it could ever be written —

Grat his een baith blear and blin,
Spak' o' loupin' over a linn.

Mistress Jean might keep her pity for a more sensitive, more reckless man.

The laird was actually unshaken in his solemn conceit, the thick skin of his self-satisfaction had hardly received a prick, and he was consoling himself in his own fashion as he slowly left behind him the dyke-side, the bean-fields, and the lea, and turned into the narrow limits of his own den, with the cunning, mocking reflection —

She's daft to refuse the laird o' Cockpen.

To pass over the space from comedy to tragedy, from humour to pathos, with sure steps and unerring power, is the endowment of genius, and such is the broad transition Lady Nairne makes from the 'Laird o' Cockpen' to the 'Land o' the Leal.'

It has been said, with warrant, that the only song deserving the name of sacred in the Scotch tongue is the 'Land o' the Leal.' But the 'Land o' the Leal' is in itself worth a thousand, and is among songs like an army with banners. The name alone is a triumph of word-painting. Like other familiar things, we hold it fast as a treasure, but we cease to think of the exquisite lingering beauty of the alliteration, and the fulness and fineness of the expression.

With a figure the most touching and the most perfect, as thousands know whose breaking hearts have seen it fulfilled, while they would have given half their lives to delay its fulfilment, the song begins soft and low, as Christian faith and resignation sing the inevitable —

I'm wearing awa', Jean,
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, Jean,
I'm wearing awa',
To the Land o' the Leal.

With such words as are nowhere to be found out of holy writ, that land where we all hope to be is described —

There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's neither could nor care, Je
The day is aye fair,
I' the land o' the Leal.

Beautiful and noble is the allusion to the great finished work of man's redemption; meek and mild the reference to the old sorrow become tender as a joy; and fond and cheering the final comfort to the stricken watcher —

But haud ye leal and true, Jean,
Your day it's wearing through, Jean,
And I'll welcome you,
To the Land o' the Leal.

Who that has heard 'The Land o' the Leal' sung in a Scotch gloaming to a hushed group of listeners will not confirm my words that there is no song, not even of Burns, nor of Moore, nor of the French Béranger, nor the German Heine which approaches on its own ground 'The Land o' the Leal'?

As a local provincial song — a song which takes up a district and a class with their intense homely experience, and photographs all to the life, I would instance 'Call'er Herrin'.' I think this is less a national than an east-country song, and that the herrings mentioned in it are not the Lochfyne herrings, the *Glasgow magistrates*, but emphatically "new drawn frae the Forth." In the ring and the repetition of the chorus, I see the quaint little east-country towns in the bustle of what is to them the harvest of their trade. Besides, I believe that it is in these towns, more than among the crowds and the multitudinously-varied occupations of the west, that there are preserved the distinctive traits of the race of fishermen, and particularly of fishwives — those bronzed, massive, loud-tongued women, who are capable of singular heights of faithfulness and marvellous depths of devotion. Such are the women who with keen, defiant gibe, not free from haughtiness, like the gibes of the splendid peasant women about old Rome, submit to the little pantomime and retail it afterwards for their own half-contemptuous diversion.

When the creel wi' herrin' passes,
Ladies clad in silks and laces
Gather in their braw pelisses,
Cast their heads and screw their faces.

But such supercilious squeamish airs did not mark the bearing of gentle, high-bred Caroline, Baroness Nairne, on whose lips

hung the accents of the kindly Scotch tongue, who looked around on her kind "loving, not loathing," and could share with something nigh to prophetic inspiration the weal and the woe of the humblest of her countrymen and countrywomen.

One verse of 'Caller Herrin' strikes us as being such a feat of melody as Tennyson accomplished when he made the rhyme of his verse in one instance ripple like a brook, and in another imitate the monotonous dash of the waves. Surely there is something, also, of the roll of the sea, on whose heaving breast float the fishers' nets and rock the fishers' boats, in the lines —

When you're sleeping on your pillows,
Think you not of our poor fellows,
Darkling as they face the billows,
All to fill the woven willows?

In the last verse of the song, the keynote, which has been sounding heartily and happily until now, is changed with consummate art, or rather with the reach of a true poet's instinct, the writer passing all at once to the very deepest feeling: —

Who'll buy caller herrin' ?
They're not brought here without brave daring.

Then she speaks of those randy fishwives
as

Wives and mithers maist despairin',

and puts into their mouths the wild figure born of their despair, and the 'halesome fish and dainty fairin'' are in the flash of one moment of misery converted into 'lives of men.'

Wives and mithers maist despairin'
'Ca' them lives o' men!

The reader may remember a later echo of the same wild figure —

Oh, men with sisters dear !
Oh, men with mothers and wives !
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives.

Lady Nairne has many stirring and sweet Jacobite songs. She had more title to Jacobite association, and incurred less charge of feudal affectation than most writers. Living somewhat removed from us in point of time, born of a Jacobite house, named veritably after bonnie Prince Charlie, and married into a family whose honours had been attained at the rebellion, Lady Nairne was peculiarly qualified to give us

'He's Coming Again,' 'A Hundred Pipers and a', and 'The Auld House,' in which her own early home is recalled, and her father and mother sit for the carefully-finished portraits of 'The Auld Laird,' and 'The Auld Leddy.' But foremost to me of Lady Nairne's Jacobite songs is her short version of 'Charlie is my Darling.' What greater testimony to the love the Tory women of Scotland bore the young Ascanius? what more artistic reckoning and measuring of their loyalty and their sacrifices could we have than in the record —

They proudly wore the milk-white rose
For him they held so dear;
And gave their sons to Charlie,
The young Chevalier?

And what greater pathos than in the simple, piteous, summing up —

Oh ! there were many beating hearts,
And many a hope and fear,
And there was many a prayer put up
For the young Chevalier!

Many a prayer put up for the poor lad who burst into tears at the retreat from Derby, escaped in a servant's livery after the rout at Culloden, lay down in the night of wind and rain "and slept beneath a bush o' broom," followed Flora Macdonald in women's weeds, fled as a fugitive to France, and, alas ! alas ! lived to die a debauched imbecile at an Italian court.

Lady Nairne's songs are numerous, and, collected, form a volume for her admirers. In nearly all the cunning hand of the master at once of mirth and of melancholy is apparent. Unlike the sensational literature of the day, they are eminently wholesome. Sound and sweet as a nut is the spirit of the wise, kindly woman who, for her own pleasure, and the mere enriching of the world of song, sang like any mavis, or merle, or more lightly-lilting lark.

Having tried shortly, and I trust not altogether without success, to show how much Scotch song owes to Lady Nairne, who has all the picturesqueness of Tannahill in his 'Gloomy Winter's now awa,' the quaint homeliness and the domestic bliss portrayed by poor Jean Adams in her 'There's nae Luck about the House,' the romantic devotion of William Glen in his 'Wee Bird,' and who has once and again come near to Burns and Hogg in the thrill of their passion, I hope every reader will agree with me that her songs deserve to be cherished and sung by high and low, down to the latest generation.

TROTTY.

I.

Who would be a mother?
 Not a moment's peace!
 Cares succeed each other;
 Troubles never cease.
 You may call them fancies —
 You, papa! may laugh —
 Take my place, or Nancy's,
 For a day — or half!
 You know nought of sitting
 Mending little frocks,
 You know nought of knitting
 Heaps of pairs of socks.
 You taste all the pleasures,
 You're the source of joys,
 You bring all the treasures,
 Sugar-plums and toys:
 You don't do the scolding,
 You don't bear the frets;
 You are spared beholding
 Pranks, and pouts, and pets.
 You don't give the powder,
 You don't hear the cry
 As it waxes louder,
 And the face grows wry.
 Dressed at morning neatly,
 Trotty's carried down
 Just to kiss you sweetly
 Ere you start for town.
 Next, all smile and dimple,
 Sash and spotless skirt,
 Trotty, sly and simple,
 Enters with dessert.
 Brisk as her canary,
 Perches on your knee;
 Roguish-looking fairy!
 Who so proud as she?
 Cheeks like ripened peaches,
 Shoulders plump and fair,
 Mouth that lisps soft speeches,
 Rings of hazel hair.
 Eyes like sapphires gleaming,
 Wistfully and merry;
 Sideway glances, scheming
 For a cake or cherry.
 "Good as gold!" No wonder!
 Humoured, coaxed, and fed;
 Pocket full of plunder,
 Trotty trots to bed.
 Nought to check or foil her,
 Best of tiny queens!
 Ah, papa, you spoil her —
 Look behind the scenes!

* * * * *

Morning — I am dressing;
 Dark November day;
 Hark! a scream distressing
 Sounds across the way.
 Down go locks I'm brushing —
 Brushes on the floor —
 Out, half-clad, I'm rushing
 To the nursery door.
 "Nancy, what's the matter?"
 "Nothing, mum!" I'm told;

"Miss is cross, look at her!
 'Cause the water's cold."
 Day outside looks rawly,
 Fog is thick as glue,
 Weather looking squally —
 Trotty squally too!
 Back I trudge, my fingers
 Nipping with the frost;
 Long my toilet lingers —
 Everything is lost!

Breakfast safely over,
 You put on your boots —
 Leaving me "in clover
 To my home pursuits!"
 "Clove!" How man settles
 Our affairs, forsooth!
 Had he talked of *netles*,
 'Twould be nearer truth!
 Down I sit to patching —
 Nurse upstairs at work —
 Trotty, mischief hatching.
 Squatting like a Turk!
 Playthings round her scattered —
 Things that squeak and bark!
 Creatures maimed and battered
 Out of "Noah's ark."
 Battledores she drums on,
 With a face like Puck's;
 Noisy things she thrums on,
 Painted ones she sucks!
 Asking questions puzzling,
 Twenty in a breath;
 Now the kitten muzzling,
 Hugging it to death!
 Leave my chair a minute
 Just when some one knocks —
 Trotty clammers in it,
 Rummaging my box.
 Back I hurry grumbling,
 Risking sprains and falls,
 Into waggons tumbling,
 Slipping over balls.
 What is Trotty doing?
 Quiet far too long!
 Mischief must be brewing —
 Something going wrong.
 All my work is stopping —
 Lost my scissors big —
 Trotty has them, cropping
 Dolly's flaxen wig!
 Door left open slightly —
 Gracious! what a row!
 Trotty's slipped out lightly —
 What's the matter now?
 Up I start — "Where's Trotty?"
 Sprawling on the mat!
 Swollen eyes, brow knotty,
 Dolly mangled flat!
 What does it betoken?
 Trotty tripped her toes;
 Trotty's heart is broken!
 So is Dolly's nose!
 "Naughty girl for straving!"
 "Bless us! what a shriek!
 Can't hear what I'm saying —
 Dear! she's cut her cheek!

Here's a fresh disaster !
 Here are mother's cares ! —
 Nancy ! fetch some plaster —
 Take the child up stairs ! ”
 * * * * *
 Ah, papa ! you'll rue it !
 Trotty's growing wild —
 And you know you do it !
 Yes ! you spoil that child.

II.

Summer-time is coming,
 Every flowery bell
 Woes the hive-bee humming : —
 Trotty isn't well.
 Cowslips gold come trooping,
 Daisies white and red ;
 But my daisy's drooping :
 Trotty hangs her head.
 Rosy buds upspringing
 Peep from leaf and stalk,
 Merry birds are singing : —
 Trotty doesn't talk.
 Sunshine glitters brightly,
 Garden walks look gay,
 Butterflies float whitely : —
 Trotty doesn't play.
 All her toys forsaken,
 “ Come, my pet ! to me ;
 Trotty shall be taken
 Up on mammy's knee. ”
 Never mind the knitting,
 Heels or toes, or soles ;
 Let the rents go splitting,
 Never mind the holes !
 Hands at work once nimble
 Now the pulse must feel ;
 Puss has got the thimble,
 Kitten has the reel.
 Needles, pins, go missing —
 No one heeds them now ;
 Mammy's busy kissing
 Trotty's heated brow.
 Mammy's busy pressing
 Trotty's little hands,
 Coining words caressing
 Trotty understands.
 Little brown curls lying
 Pressed to mammy's breast ;
 Little bosom sighing,
 Little feet at rest.
 Eyelids falling heavy,
 Blue eyes in eclipse ;
 Wan smiles, hard to levy,
 On the little lips.
 Nothing now of fretting ;
 Only mute appeal,
 Trust in mammy's petting,
 Mammy's power to heal !
 Tiny form resistless,
 Round cheeks void of bloom,
 Little fingers listless,
 Silence in the room.
 Birds without chirp shrilly,
 All within is dull ;
 Trotty sits so stilly —

What a dreary lull !
 “ Look at pussy's tricking ! ”
 Trotty doesn't care :
 How that clock is ticking,
 Underneath the stair !
 Wish 'twas in the cellar !
 Like a gong it strikes.
 “ Cook for orders ” — tell her
 Order what she likes !
 All the house feels lonely,
 Echoes all seem dead ;
 Did they answer only
 Trotty's voice and tread ?
 Sunshine don't look cheering,
 Summer don't rejoice ;
 How we miss the hearing
 One familiar voice !
 How we miss the seeing
 One small baby face !
 Such a tiny being
 Filling so much space !
 What says Trotty, bless her ?
 Put her in her cot ;
 Mammy will undress her,
 Mammy's darling Trot !
 Pack off callers, Nelly !
 In the afternoon ;
 Nancy ! bring some jelly,
 Powders, and a spoon.
 Don't admit one rover,
 Not a fib you'll tell —
 I'm engaged all over ” !
 Trotty isn't well.

* * * * *
 Trotty's sweetly sleeping,
 So I've slipped away,
 After vigil keeping
 All night long, and day.
 Couldn't bear to leave her —
 Now, papa ! don't smile ;
 'Twas so much like fever,
 Don't you say 'twas bile !
 You may take it coolly,
 You slept bravely through ;
 You were snoring, truly,
 Loud enough for two !
 I can soothe and chasten,
 You can make her glad ;
 But to me she'll hasten,
 When she's sick or sad.
 Men are like each other,
 Slow to feel or act ;
 You are not a mother,
 That's a patent fact !
 You don't care a tittle
 Till the danger comes ;
 O ! you're good for little
 But for sugar-plums !
 Pooh ! a fig for pity
 That can snore like yours.
 Buy her something pretty ;
 Toys work wondrous cures !
 You've “ engagements pressing —
 Can't buy toys to-day. ”
 Do you mind confessing
 What engagements, pray ?

"Dinner, and a meeting" —

That's how you're beguiled ;

Gossiping and eating,

And forget your child !

Hang "Associations" !

"British" fiddlestick !

Old wives' dissertations !

Tell them Trotty's sick.

Is it "mother's folly" ?

Men are selfish churls !

Bring her home a dolly,

One with hazel curls.

Hush ! the darling chatters.

"Spoil her ?" Never fear !

Folly spoils and flatters —

Love spoils no one, dear !

—Good Words

HARRIET E. HUNTER.

From The Spectator.

A STRANGER'S IMPRESSION OF VIENNA.

THERE is one Austrian city in Austria, and that is Vienna. Every other belongs more or less to some separate nationality. Salzburg is German, Prague Bohemian with a German varnish, Buda-Pesth Hungarian, Trieste — to misuse the only world which exactly describes it — Levantine, but Vienna is Austrian, the capital of the Empire, and not of any part of it, a cesspool of nationalities, an orderly microcosm of the chaotic world held together by the Imperial sceptre. The city is the realization of the Hapsburg dream, a place where a dozen nationalities, five languages, three radically different civilizations meet and jostle and struggle and embrace in inextricable and yet orderly confusion, with the greatest of these nationalities, the most flexible of these languages, the most hopeful of these civilizations riding calmly, almost indolently, at the top. Necessity has produced in Vienna the result which the Hapsburgs have striven in vain for four centuries to secure throughout their dominions — a working harmony between West and East, an international tolerance, a co-operation, more or less cordial, of the most jarring creeds, races, and systems of society. Jews own the houses in which Ultramontanes inveigh against the laxity which tolerates the Synagogues; Germans looking as if they had just stepped off the Boulevard des Italiens give the word of command to brown men with almond eyes who glance backwards like Calmucks or startled horses; engineers exactly like Englishmen and much better educated apportion burdens to women barefooted, barelegged, with apparently — it is not quite the fact, we suppose — only a blue chemise between them and nakedness. Equipages from Long Acre

splash men in sheepskin, palaces are watched by sentries who shake their heads when addressed in any tongue spoken by civilized man, and the last telegram from Paris is posted up in languages in which there scarcely exists a book. And all this bizarre jumble of tongues, manners, and ideas produces no disorder, no hostility, no visible clashing in the streets. The Austrian ideal has been realized in Vienna, and the city where of all others the population is apparently least homogeneous, is also of all others that which apparently requires least police supervision. The German has not absorbed the Magyar or the Croat, the Slovak or the Pole, the Italian or the Rouman, but he has in Vienna varnished them till their collision as they roll produces no visible friction. Stand in the Graben, the Viennese Cheapside, and forget all but what you see, and you cannot avoid the thought that under happier circumstances the Austrian ideal might not have been unattainable. There is the Empire, as in the view of the Hofburg it ought to be, with all its races, tongues, creeds, manners, and traditions separate and distinct, yet all peacefully working together to build up external civilization, fusing themselves without blows into one polite, gentle, it might be high-cultured, and eminently original people. The German who, under Italian guidance, is teaching those Polish workmen where to put on that stucco, is no more hostile to them than is the Slovak woman who brings them water, the dark Croat in uniform who is watching them so curiously, the intensely Viennese coachman who is driving past as if he had entered for a chariot race, the Jew who will pay them all, or the Americanized German who is protesting at his shop-door that he will not have the way blocked with so many ladders. Vienna is the centre, the dépôt, the factory, the banking-house, not of one, but of many kingdoms, and every turn reminds the stranger of the truth. Besides the endless variety of face and costume among the people, — which, by the way, does not stroll, but walks rather rapidly, — the shops announce their goods in different characters, two at least of which, Hungarian and Hebrew, are never seen in the West, and shopmen speak all tongues with apparently equal readiness. Not that Vienna is cosmopolitan in the Parisian signification of the term. It is only many-nationed, the self-dependent centre of a mighty, though chaotic power.

The next thing which strikes the stranger is the originality of the city itself as a structure. It has obviously never been de-

signed by prince, architect, or people, but has simply grown. The site is one of the strangest imaginable. Gazetteers say Vienna is on the Danube, but that is precisely where Vienna is not, and where by every law of economics it ought to have been. How it came where it is, is to the stranger inexplicable; but there it is, five miles from the great river which ought to pour into its lap the wealth of the greatest valley in Europe, but with which it is as yet entirely unconnected. There is not even a tramway between Vienna and the Danube, and grain is still carried up the bank to the warehouses, sack by sack, by half naked porters on two francs a day. It is nearly a two-hours' walk from the city to the river, and the good Viennese have apparently no intention of abridging the distance, no idea that the expenditure of a million or two might make their city a port of unrivalled importance and capacity. We do not know that they would spend the money if they did perceive it, getting on not being the Viennese ideal at all, but only an easy life. They would greatly prefer abusing their Government for not doing it. Between the river and the city stretches the Prater, the Bois de Boulogne of Vienna, and the Viennese safely lodged in a chair listening to a perfect military band is quite content to leave his glorious river not three miles from his seat, to roll on uselessly, will not even ask that its little affluent, the Donau, which enters the city, be made clean, or sweet, or useful. A million or two would make Vienna a port on the Black Sea, and even as it is Americans would have a thousand steamers upon its waters. Apart, however, from this strange defect, Vienna enjoys a splendid situation. By land it is the half-way house between East and West, between London and Constantinople, it is the centre of a railway network which touches Paris and Belgrade, and it is the natural bonded warehouse for the whole trade between the valley of the Danube and the West. The city itself is gloomily magnificent. Crushed in till recently among fortifications, it has grown, like all such cities, straight into the air. London is not so populated as old Vienna. The streets are narrow beyond Continental example, more narrow than those of Florence, the people live in flats and single rooms, and the stately houses tower into the air as if seeking perpetually the sunshine they yet cannot obtain. Space has been, as it were, fought for, till in old Vienna there is not a mean house, and scarcely one which enjoys a full blaze of light. The effect is curious-

ly Austrian, that of a city gloomy, inconvenient, and half civilized, yet infinitely imposing and durable. Despite the multiplicity of signs, the profusion of shops, the visible love of colour, there is nothing tawdry or meretricious; all is as dignified as if the old Spanish spirit still lingered in the capital, as it does in its palace. This stateliness is the more remarkable because, the Cathedral excepted, the buildings are by no means grand. Even St. Stephen's is cluttered up by houses till half its external grandeur is lost, though nothing, fortunately, can interfere with the solemn beauty of its interior with, its mighty forest of pillars, black with age and healthy neglect, and its unique effects of light. By some peculiarity in its architecture, which the writer is not architect enough to comprehend, the mighty length of the central aisle is divided by shadows into three. Near the doorway all is bright, then comes a great space of shadow so deep that the eye scarcely pierces it, and then a flood of light upon the chancel. The spectator, therefore, himself standing in a glare, looks through a cloud of darkness to the priests, revealed under the fullest blaze, an effect which, scenic as it may seem in our description, in reality deepens the emotion of slight awe from which no stranger who enters the pile can be wholly free. The prevailing colour of the building, as of all the old city, is dark grey, not the result of smoke, but of age, a grey which immensely adds both to its stateliness and its gloom. Round this city the true Vienna, old and grand but a mere clump of building, covering less space than the City of London, circles a series of bright, smiling avenues, partly lined with houses, and called by strangers boulevards, or by the people "Rings." They have been planted on the old glacis which once hemmed in the city, and when finished they will be unsurpassed in Europe, the whole forming concentric rings of trees and bright, buff-coloured palaces, many of them adorned to profusion outside with gilding and colour.

A certain richness and luxuriousness of taste marks the Viennese architects of to-day, which, though it may degenerate into vulgarity, undoubtedly for the present prohibits sameness. The buildings go on slowly, for the Viennese are not speculative, and business men cling to the ancient city, the very hotel-keepers preferring their worm-eaten caravanserais to the bright structures of the boulevards; but in ten years they will be finished, and Vienna will then be externally at once London and Paris. Round the Rings, again, stretch villages,

or rather faubourgs, radiating outwards like spokes from an axle, and capable of almost infinite extension. They are not pretty yet, for they are badly paved, badly drained, wanting in trees, and deficient in gutters; but they are lined with houses fortunately erected on the old idea that a house is to hold many families — the grand secret of avoiding meanness in city architecture — and the improvements will come with peace and English capital. It is here that the professional classes live, on terms which ought to make Vienna the most attractive of residences for the Continental English. Actuated, we imagine, chiefly by a vague fear of a despotism which no longer exists, they throng in Dresden, and Frankfurt, and Munich, and avoid a city where all the delights of a great capital, of an exquisite countryside — twelve minutes and sixpence take you to a miniature Alps — are combined with rare cheapness and the pleasantest society. A flat of five good rooms costs in Vienna 50*l.* a year, and the writer was assured on undeniable authority that a family could live in easy comfort for 400*l.* a year, a comfort immensely increased by the fact that etiquette allows ladies to walk by daylight unattended, and by the most marked external peculiarity of Vienna, the perfection of the means of locomotion. Omnibuses go everywhere, barouches can be hired at every corner for eight shillings the half day, and cabs as good as English broughams are driven for sixpence the quarter of an hour at a rate which would make the driver of a London hansom stare. The Viennese, whips are the best in the world, they will not drive slowly, they use the swift Hungarian horses which are not harnessed till they are seven years old, and they are the only persons visibly under strict police discipline. They do not drink, and for a genuine Viennese to be uncivil is an impossibility. The city, moreover, is perhaps the most orderly in the world. The only visible sign of authority is the gendarme, planted like a sentry at each cross-road, just where in London the "island" would be, to keep the Viennese whips in order; but the streets are as safe by day and night as those of London, magnificently lighted, and freer than any city in Europe from the social evil. Vienna is said to be dissolute, probably is so, but partly from careful regulation, partly from some beneficial peculiarities in its manners, its laxity is not apparent to the eye. There is no Haymarket in Vienna, no part of the city which cannot be traversed at any hour with the most absolute freedom

from annoyance, insult, or personal danger. Distances, owing to the peculiar shape of the city — a wheel with a second tire halfway between the axle and the exterior — are not great, and though the inhabitants complain that the police are careless, they are probably better governed — for municipal purposes, we mean — and less governed than the people of any European capital, London alone excepted. Talk is free, if printing is not, and the population, well off, indolent, and disposed to luxury, avenges itself for every act it disapproves by satire, satire as keen and almost as ill-natured as that of Paris. Shut out from politics, encouraged to seek pleasure, exempt by the subdivision of property from poverty, and enjoying a beautiful though not serene climate, the Viennese have become the Tuscans of Germany. "All our vices," said a keenly intelligent Austrian to the writer, "official, national, and social, may be described in a sentence, 'From the Kaiser to the water-carrier, we confuse leisure with idleness.'"

From the Saturday Review, Oct. 5.

GERMANY.

AN enterprising English newspaper correspondent has published an account of a conversation with Count BISMARCK, who seems to have communicated his opinions with surprising frankness. The American custom of catechising statesmen for the information of newspaper readers has not generally been found practicable in Europe; but possibly the Prussian Minister may not have been sorry to comply with the amusingly simple request for an interview. It cannot be said that he betrayed any State secrets which were beyond the reach of ordinary sagacity, for he announced that there would be peace with France because there was no reasonable cause of war, that Germany would certainly not be the aggressor, and that Frenchmen would gradually become reconciled to an inevitable and accomplished fact. Count BISMARCK professed the most friendly feelings to Austria, and perfect confidence in the peaceable policy of the Cabinet of Vienna. Russia, in his opinion, would hereafter be far more powerful than any other European State, but at present financial difficulties and incomplete military preparations would postpone for an indefinite period the prosecution of ambitious designs in the East. Having exhausted more pressing topics, Count BISMARCK was at leisure to speculate on the

prospect of the Abyssinian expedition. His anticipation that there will be a large outlay of money will certainly be justified by the result; and it may be hoped that he will prove as true a prophet in his expectation that there will be comparatively little loss of life. If the Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* has not imagined or embellished his report, the candour of his informant may perhaps prove embarrassing to persons in high positions; and it is possible that diplomacy conducted through the intervention of journalists might sometimes be employed for purposes of deception. The Quaker deputation which obtained an assurance that the Emperor NICHOLAS entertained a horror of war contributed little to the solution of the Eastern question; nor was the Emperor NAPOLEON's reply to certain Liverpool busy-bodies a few years ago thought to be generally reassuring. If any Correspondent of a foreign newspaper desires to understand the recent change in the English Constitution, he may be confidently recommended to consult its official author. Nothing would be more gratifying to Mr. DISRAELI than to construct a special version of the Conservative theory for Continental consumption.

The short discussion on the Address in the North German Parliament contains the most authentic exposition of the policy both of the Government and the nation. The KING, in his opening Speech, had prudently avoided all reference to foreign menaces; but he may perhaps not have been displeased to find that independent speakers unanimously repudiated the possibility of allowing external dictation. The Address, which was the result of a compromise between the Conservative and Liberal parties, expressed the unanimous wish for a closer union with the South. A suggestion that the KING should be thanked for the significant reticence of his language was rejected by the majority as irritating and superfluous; but enough was said in the Address itself, and in the subsequent discussion, to satisfy the most sceptical Frenchman that Count BISMARCK is the mouth-piece of the national resolution. In answer to an expression of regret at the abandonment of Luxemburg, Count BISMARCK explained that the province was still German, and that Prussia had only abandoned a right of keeping a garrison in the citadel which was both legally doubtful and strategically worthless. In spite of Lord STANLEY's explanations, he added that the guarantee of neutrality was a full equivalent for the withdrawal of the garrison, and

he wound up his statement by haughtily taking credit to a warlike King for unwillingness to employ a victorious army in the prosecution of an unnecessary quarrel. The affectation of self-denial and superiority cannot have been intended to be palatable to France; and the assumption, on all sides, that the extension of the Confederacy beyond the Main awaits only the initiative of the Southern States will confirm the impression which has been produced by the recent Circular. As it is improbable that an experienced statesman should wantonly provoke a powerful neighbour, it must be supposed that Count BISMARCK considers that a high-spirited and patriotic policy is indispensable to the popularity of his Government in Prussia and in the dependent States. He may possibly have begun to perceive that Parliaments have their use in strengthening Governments, although they may sometimes interfere with the arbitrary exercise of the prerogative. CAVOUR thoroughly knew how to make his Parliament urge him in the direction which he had resolved to pursue, and BISMARCK has long been engaged in a not dissimilar enterprise.

The progress of Germany towards reunion, since the establishment of Prussian supremacy, has been exempt from many of the difficulties which embarrassed CAVOUR and his successors. Vigorous government, financial prosperity, identity of language, and similarity of institutions have facilitated the attainment of an object which had long been contemplated as desirable; and, above all, the German nation is too powerful to require or to tolerate foreign patronage. The convocation of a Federal Parliament may have been convenient for the adjustment of internal relations, but it would be absurd to organize an elaborate representative system for the mere regulation of details. There are still careless politicians, both in England and France, who regard the recent changes as the result of selfish Prussian usurpation; and it is well that there should be an opportunity of showing that the Government has only given effect to the national will. There can be little doubt of the sincerity of Count BISMARCK's unwillingness to force complete annexation on the outlying portions of Western Germany. For purposes of revenue and defence there is no separation between the right and the left bank of the Main, and there would be no advantage in governing Baden or Wurtemberg directly in the name of the King of Prussia. Saxony itself, and the other minor members of the North-

ern Confederacy, retain the form of independent sovereignty, and it will be expedient to try on a limited scale the novel experiment of a Confederacy administered in internal matters by hereditary princes. Bavaria, with four millions of Catholic subjects, would be less easily assimilated than Mecklenburg or Brunswick, and a wise statesman would direct the national desire of change rather towards an unattained union than to the reaction which would almost certainly follow an accomplished revolution. The opponents of union in Wurtemberg and Bavaria derive a plausible argument against the treaties from Count BISMARCK's moderation. If, they contend, Prussia is not disposed to include the Southern States in the Confederacy, it is imprudent to submit to military supremacy in the absence of any share in political counsels. There can, however, be little doubt that the treaties of alliance will be ratified by the Southern Assemblies; and a policy of moderation, amongst its other advantages, can be easily abandoned. The danger of foreign war also deserves consideration, although it may be prudent as well as dignified to profess indifference to the wishes of France. It is unnecessary to disturb by formal changes the arrangements of Prague, when the formation of a Southern Confederacy has already become impossible. Prosperity produces moderation at least as naturally as it encourages presumption.

The political controversies which have been suspended during the consolidation of the new Confederacy will necessarily revive as soon as external complications recede into the background. All parties in Prussia are of one mind on the question of national unity, and there has been little desire to impede the Government in the attainment of the common object; but the differences between the Crown and the House of Deputies have never yet been adjusted, nor is it finally ascertained whether the control of the finances remains with the Government or with the representatives of the people. The Minister has thought fit to dissolve the Prussian Parliament on the plausible pretext of the new condition of affairs which now seems to require an appeal to the constituencies. It is not unnatural that he should seek to avail himself of the popularity due to his great public services, and it is not improbable that the forthcoming elections will increase the number of his supporters in the House; but he will scarcely succeed in displacing the great Liberal majority. As Count Bis-

MARK is neither a bigoted politician nor an extreme absolutist, it is possible that he may ultimately make terms with the Constitutional party; but, as long as the KING claims the entire control of the army, it will be difficult to arrange a satisfactory compromise. Both the Minister and the supporters of limited monarchy have a strong interest in forming an alliance against the violent democrats who hope ultimately to convert the contest for national unity into an agitation for a German Republic. Perhaps it is in anticipation of serious domestic difficulties that Count BISMARCK continually forces on public attention the defiant attitude which he maintains towards foreign Powers.

From the Saturday Review, Oct. 12.

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT'S VISIT.

IN their complimentary reception of Admiral FARRAGUT the Board of Admiralty have for once represented the feeling of the country. While the American war was raging, the lack of British sympathy which caused so much bitterness among the Northern politicians never stood in the way of the heartiest recognition of skill and valour, on whichever side it was displayed. The leaning towards the South, which it seems the Americans will never forgive, was itself not wholly political. The heroism with which the armies of LEE and JACKSON contended against odds that seemed to exclude hope was almost enough in itself to decide the sympathies of all except those who were strongly committed by political affinities to the cause of the North. The same sentiment of admiration for valour and resource gave to Admiral FARRAGUT an exceptional popularity in this country, quite irrespective of the side on which he was fighting. The man who ran the gauntlet of the batteries to which New Orleans vainly trusted for defence, and who with masterly skill first taught the lesson how an invulnerable ironclad might be fairly worried to death by a host of feebler enemies, had altogether too much the character of the ideal British sailor to allow the keenest opponent of his cause to remember on which side his feats of bravery were performed. Accordingly, throughout the war, the name of FARRAGUT was scarcely less honoured in England than those of LEE, STUART, and STONEWALL JACKSON. It was creditable to the Admiralty that, laying aside all national jealousy and excep-

tional caution, they frankly admitted their distinguished visitor to the innermost secrets, if there are any, of our dockyard administration. Whatever the Lords of the Admiralty saw on their inspection, Admiral FARRAGUT was invited to examine; and whatever conclusions he may have drawn as to the comparative merits of the naval policy of England and America, he must have seen much that would be new to him after all his experience. To a certain extent the theories of shipbuilding and gunnery respectively in favour in the two countries are determined by the different conditions which circumstances have hitherto enforced upon them. The primary purpose of the American fleet was inland hostilities, while the first consideration with us is, and must be, ocean fighting. Hence the multitude of American ships built to effect the greatest possible destruction under favouring conditions of wind and sea, and only capable of crossing the waters that separate America from the Old World as a sort of dare-devil feat, almost to be compared with the voyages of the rafts and little craft that have lately managed to make out the trip from New York to England with the object of showing what the reckless bravery of American seamen is capable of attempting. The opposite condition has made it almost an inflexible maxim in our navy that all ships are worthless that cannot be kept for years in commission, roving from port to port over all the navigable oceans of the world.

To those who are capable of looking at more than one side of a question it must be plain enough that each country might learn something from the experience of the other; and if, as is probably the case, Admiral FARRAGUT should think that his own people have the more to teach, we cannot say that we are prepared to question the conclusion. It is quite true that the American navy is deficient in ships able to keep the sea at all times and in all weather, and the creditable fact that the *Miantonomah* was got across the Atlantic (though not without careful nursing) is very far from proving that their favourite type of low-lying Monitors is really the true pattern for the navy of a first-rate Power. Our *Warrior* must equally have struck an American sailor as wanting in many of the excellences which the ships of his own country possess. Scantly defended against hostile shot, with inadequate power of retaliation, the typical English ironclad would unquestionably, under many circumstances, be absolutely at the mercy of an ugly Yankee Monitor.

In smooth water the English ship would be crushed by the heavy American guns, while utterly unable to make any effective reply; and in a seaway the Monitor, with her excessively low freeboard and consequent steadiness, would be able to work her guns with ease, while ours were plunging their muzzles into the waves. On the other hand, the *Warrior* is proof against all weather, and can steam and sail like a yacht. The radical differences between the systems of two such countries as England and the United States almost of themselves prove that neither has approached as yet to the perfect type of a man-of-war. On both sides of the Atlantic the problem is still unsolved, how to combine the sea-going qualities of a British cruiser with the superior fighting power of an American Monitor. Something undoubtedly must be sacrificed in any compromise between two methods so entirely distinct; but if all prejudice were laid aside, it might not be impracticable to design a ship which should possess a large share of the merits of each of the rival plans. If the marvellously steady platform given by almost submerged turret-ships cannot be to the full extent preserved in a sea-going cruiser, it ought to be possible to preserve a very large share of this almost indispensable quality even in vessels intended to house a crew in safety and comfort in the stormiest seas. Unfortunately the ablest among our official designers are wedded to the theory that any such attempt must be abandoned in despair. They will give up nothing for the sake of stability, and each new ship is higher out of the water than the last, and proportionately unsteady in any kind of sea. It is this determination to follow and exaggerate the old traditions, and to ignore all the remarkable experience which has been gained in the American war, that has left our navy without a turret squadron, and has, in the judgment of all who have specially studied the subject, almost insured the failure of the huge *Monarch* in the very qualities in which, as a turret-ship, she ought to excel. Perhaps the most important of all the advantages gained by mounting guns in turrets is the possibility of improving the steadiness of the ship by reducing her height out of water; and it is strange that, when the Admiralty did at last undertake to build a turret cruiser, they should have insisted upon giving her an amount of free-board almost without precedent even among broadside ships. The question whether any combination is possible of the advantages afforded by the turret and the broadside

principles is left to be determined by an experimental vessel built in a private yard under the direction of Captain COLES, while the last new vessel designed by the Admiralty is one more specimen of the central tower contrivance, which resembles nothing so much as a ship whose revolving turret has been accidentally jammed. These peculiarities of the British navy will no doubt have quieted any alarm that Admiral FARRAGUT may have felt at the enormous scale on which we are endeavouring to increase the defensive power of our future liners.

The contrast between the guns in vogue on either side of the Atlantic is scarcely less remarkable than the conflict of ideas on the subject of shipbuilding. Much exultation has been lately manifested at what is called the defeat of the Rodman gun, which has been the subject of recent experiments; but, though we can obtain an equal amount of penetration with a smaller charge and a lighter gun, our ordnance is still in some respects behind the American. Penetration of iron armour, though among the most essential matters, is not the only duty which guns should be able to perform, and in the shattering effect on the frame of an enemy's ship the enormous Rodman shot would surpass any of our lighter projectiles. The excellence of the metal of the model American gun is quite unrivalled by anything we are able to produce, and the mere fact that this gun has been fired with 100 pounds of powder proves that the Americans can produce cast-iron of a quality which has never been approached in this country. The greatest difficulty of all, in the problem of constructing heavy ordnance, is in putting together material which will stand the tremendous charges required to give a penetrating velocity to very heavy shot. Neither cast-steel nor built-up guns have as yet shown a satisfactory power of endurance; and though it is highly improbable that the much despised cast-iron will by itself prove more lasting, it may very well turn out that metal of the excellence obtained in America, with an inner lining on the PALLISRE principle, would be stronger and more durable than any of the first-class guns we have succeeded in producing. The stubbornness with which we have refused to learn from foreigners may have seemed, to an experienced observer like Admiral FARRAGUT, more than a counterpoise to the partial successes we have achieved in the line we have marked out for ourselves, and it would not be without precedent if the real excellence of much

of our English work should be more than neutralized by the narrow prejudices of the official mind. Something, it may be, of the same defect might perhaps be traced by a critical observer of the American navy; but the facility with which naval improvements are admitted into their dockyards is in striking contrast with the stubborn exclusiveness of the English Board, and we may be sure that any suggestions which our distinguished visitor may carry home for the benefit of his Government will be welcomed with a readiness of which English authorities seem altogether incapable. This unteachable temper has been at the root of our greatest failures, and unfortunately the evil is not mitigated by the lapse of time.

From The Spectator, Oct. 12.

THE SITUATION IN ROME.

It was the Temporal Power which fell at Sadowa. We repeat that sentence now for the third time, because it is still the key to all that has occurred and is occurring within the Papal dominion. Since that great day the alliance of Italy, previously a State of the third rank, has become of vital importance to the two first monarchies of the Continent. She can materially aid or greatly thwart the policy alike of Napoleon and of Count von Bismarck. No matter what occurred at Salzburg, whether the Emperors settled the future or only discussed the scenery, events have thrown back France on an alliance with Austria. With her she might prevent the unity of Germany, which she greatly dreads; without her she would have to engage, single-handed, in a war with a nation more numerous, better educated, and, as many believe, better organized than herself. The possibility of that alliance depends, if not entirely, at least in a very great degree, upon the action of Italy. If, on the first rumour of war, Cialdini with 100,000 men enters Southern Austria—the menace with which the mobs threaten the French Consulates—the Government of Vienna will be almost paralyzed. Not only must the Kaiser detach a great portion of his army to defend the South, but he must detach the best portion, the flower of his troops, the solid, obedient nucleus of his army, the purely German regiments. Half the strength of his army would be engaged in a side war, and as he could not rely for an hour on the Southern States, and Austria lies open at a dozen points, from the Bavarian side he would be reduced to a defensive attitude, leaving

France and Prussia to fight out their great duel alone, with the Viennese themselves praying earnestly for the success of the Fatherland. Count von Bismarck perceives this clearly, and so does Napoleon, and the result is that Italy is politically free. Napoleon will not offend her mortally, lest if he does she prohibit his pet project; Bismarck will defend her if attacked, lest she again become a French dependency. The Government of Florence is free to act, and any free Government in Florence is impelled, as it were by the law of its existence, to attempt the annexation of Rome. Rattazzi is making the attempt, and deeply as we usually distrust his policy, we must admit that the accounts which appear most authentic indicate that he is at present making it by fair means. He is bound by the Convention with France to prevent any invasion of Roman territory from without, and he consequently arrested Garibaldi, who, though nearly alone, would, had he arrived in Rome, have exercised all the power of an invading General. A burst of enthusiasm would have given him followers, even if his presence had not drawn to his side the Pope's Italian soldiers, whose loyalty to priests may very reasonably be distrusted. At the same time, Rattazzi employed the arrest as a diplomatic weapon, urging on Napoleon the necessity for a modification of the Convention. Without this, he is said to have argued, he could not long restrain the Italian party of action, already contemptuous of the Convention and clamorous for an offensive and defensive alliance with Berlin. The Emperor, aware that such an alliance would make a successful war with Prussia almost impossible, that it would be felt in Paris as a new blow, and that discontent is rising high, is said to have yielded, but at all events he hesitated, and meanwhile the Papal provinces broke into insurrection. Whether the victory in the consequent skirmishes inclined to the Papal troops or to the insurgents, we have no means of knowing until one of the two sides chooses to tell the truth, and the point is of very small importance. It is certain that the insurgents can keep on foot and are keeping on foot, and certain also that neither Napoleon nor Victor Emanuel will or can tolerate political anarchy for any length of time. Napoleon cannot send a new expedition to restore order, because if he does Italy will throw herself into the arms of Prussia, and the work, if done at all, must be done by Italian troops, which thus advance right up to the walls of Rome. The Convention, of course,

can be modified by the two powers which signed it, and it is, therefore, at least probable that the sketch of the new Convention recently published, though certainly premature, fairly predicts the inevitable conclusion. The Pope, it is said, is to retain the city, while the territory falls to the Italian Government, which, encamped round the capital, will calmly await the death of Pius the Ninth, and the consequent election of a Pope devoted rather to the spiritual than the temporal power. At the same time, that Government will continue its efforts for the "reconciliation" which is ultimately inevitable, and which will be greatly accelerated by the total loss of the Papal land revenue, and by the extreme difficulty of restraining a discontented population within limits so narrow as those contained in the municipal limits of Rome. Peter's pence will not maintain an army, and unless the Pope has come to some terms with Italy, no contribution will be made for his support by the Catholic Governments. Even Austria could not get such an addition to her budget through the Reichsrath.

We have no means, as we said, of ascertaining whether this programme has been accepted or not, but we know that it has been discussed, and believe that the only obstacle — the hesitation of the Emperor of the French — must in the end give way. He runs a terrible risk in irretrievably breaking with Italy, so long as she adheres to the Convention, and he runs none that we can perceive in extending the terms of that agreement in a sense favourable to Italian desires. Rome he probably could not give, even if he desired it, unless the Romans won a battle in their streets. The destruction of the Pope's independence involves spiritual considerations which will affect the mind of every Catholic in the world; but the extent of Papal dominion is a matter of no importance to any non-Italian being. One city is as sufficient for his independence as fifty, and Viterbo is no more essential to his security than Bologna. The Catholic world in France, though annoyed, will hardly be agitated until the Vatican itself is threatened, and outside France the Pope has scarcely an efficient ally. Austria can and will do nothing for him. The Emperor may at heart be Ultramontane, but his necessity for the hour is to conciliate the German Liberals, who may else adhere to the North, and who are rapidly passing through the Reichsrath revolutionary laws — one of them a formal abolition of the Concordat without the Pope's consent. Prussia is steadily hostile, for al-

though Prussia has Catholic provinces, and desires very much to conciliate the South, Von Bismarck knows that the Ultramontanes everywhere hate the Hohenzollerns with a hatred no concession will quench, and knows, too, that the pro-Prussian Catholics, the Liberals, disbelieve in the Temporal Power. Russia is at daggers drawn with the Vatican, and will remain so, national feeling and religious feeling being in Poland, as in Ireland, inextricably mixed together. England will not interfere, and Spain, which would if she dared, is for the moment out of politics. The Queen could not risk a war in which the first step would be an insurrection, headed by men who have already often applied to Florence for assistance. There would, therefore, be no external resistance, and of internal there seems to be no chance. The Pope may indeed fly, but in that case Rome would be occupied, and he himself invited back to a position which would be all but sovereign, and which he could not refuse without showing to the whole world that he was seeking temporal and not spiritual power. It is far more probable, when we remember his age, the importance of the vast establishments which he cannot move, and which his flight would surrender to the Italians, the difficulty of finding a refuge, and the strong links forged through so many ages which bind the Pope to Rome, that he will remain, will play the rôle of undeserved suffering, and go on just as he did when the rest of his States were originally reft away. He cannot curse any harder, and if he does, even Catholics are now little affected by Papal excommunications. All they seriously desire is that his action should not be fettered by subjection to any secular power, and it will be no more fettered in Rome without a garden than it has been in Rome with one.

This temporary solution may be delayed a few days, or even weeks, by the Emperor's irresolution, but it seems to be the only one which can reasonably be anticipated. The only mode of avoiding it is to reoccupy Rome with French troops, and apart altogether from alliances, Napoleon cannot confess again that he has utterly failed. A return would be a formal confession of failure by a man whose claim to reign is success. The Pope cannot keep down his provinces when once in insurrection by his own strength, — his Treasury, to begin with, would be empty in a month, — and if he summons the Italians, the programme is accomplished with his own consent. He must, too, decide quickly. The Italian Government cannot

keep 60,000 men perpetually encamped on the frontier, and if they reire the Reds will be masters of the situation. Of course if, as the Catholic journals expect, a miracle intervenes, there is an end of the matter; but if not, the Papacy is reduced to one of two alternatives, — to resign its remaining provinces to the people, who can give the Pope no guarantee for his city; or to summon his "erring son," Victor Emanuel, who can. With the Italian troops in sight of Rome, the problem of the Temporal Power, which of all others has most perplexed the Liberal statesmen of the Continent, will be almost resolved, and Protestants throughout the world will be very near to a danger greater than any they dread from Dr. Colenso, — the attraction a truly saintly Papacy, without sword or purse, or threatening in its mouth, might have for the unhappy masses of mankind.

From the New-York Evening Post.

HISTORY OF THE METHODIST CHURCH.

CONCLUSION OF DR. STEVENS'S WORK.

THE third and fourth volumes of Dr. Abel Stevens's "History of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States" — finishing the work — have been issued by Messrs. Carlton & Porter. The third volume takes up the story of the Methodist Church in America at the time of the General Conference of 1792, and the return of Bishop Coke to this country. In his diary, written during his voyage across the Atlantic — which lasted sixty days — the Bishop says, with noble simplicity: "From the time I rise till bedtime I have the cabin table to myself, and work at it incessantly. I never was accustomed to dream much till now; but I seem to be at my pleasing work even while I sleep. I have six canary birds over my head, which sing most delightfully, entertaining me while I am laboring for my Lord.* * * I am now forty-five. Let me take a view of my past life. What is the sum of all? What have I done? And what am I? I have done nothing; no, nothing; and I am a sinner! God be merciful to me!"

Yet, says Dr. Stevens, "neither Wesley nor Asbury exceeded this devoted man in ministerial labors or travels, and scarcely any man of his age equalled him in pecuniary sacrifices for religion."

This General Conference met in Baltimore, and was memorable as the occasion of the schism and final separation from the

Methodist church of James O'Kelly, who had been a prominent leader and missionary preacher in the southern circuits. Dr. Stevens's narrative of this backsliding of O'Kelly, and its effect upon the great and good men of the council, is deeply interesting, and given with great pathos and descriptive eloquence. It is curious, by the way, that this first instance of "secession" should come from the southern wing of the church, for O'Kelly was a resident presiding elder and circuit preacher on the border between North Carolina and Virginia, and "his influence," says Dr. Stevens, "swayed the ministry and people, on both sides, all along the line."

This prototype of secession returned to Virginia, and, availing himself of the party agitations between the Federalists and Republicans, raging at that time, formed a church with the title of "Republican Methodist," thus identifying his religious scheme with the dominant political party. The prosperity and power of the Republican Methodists were brief, and their fall disastrous. They waged a war of words and pamphlets for a few years, until in 1809 they fell finally to pieces.

Dr. Stevens passes from this to sketch the course of Methodism in the South generally, the labours of Bishops White and Asbury, and another schism, known as Hammet's schism, in Charleston, S. C. The descriptions in these chapters of the trials and sufferings of Bishop Asbury are vivid from their absolute simplicity and the absence of all attempt on the part of the author to intensify them by any approach to sensational writing. Dr. Stevens's style is always dignified, lucid, terse and yet powerful, with a sense of the character of the events and personages of which and whom he is the historian. Here are a few abstracts, for example, from the narrative of Bishop Asbury's progress through the South:

"Asbury struck forthwith to the South, to anticipate any schismatic measures of O'Kelly and his associates * * * He held conferences, love-feasts, class and band-meetings, preaching once or twice and riding forty or fifty miles almost daily. He excelled the humblest preachers in the humblest pastoral labours, * * * and this was the habit of his long ministerial life. * * * He hastened through North and entered South Carolina, riding thirty, forty, fifty miles a day, cold, hungry — it was December — but preaching at the close of each day's journey in barns, private houses, new chapels of logs, open to the

wind and rain. He was often drenched by storms, had to sleep on floors of unfinished houses, "keeping him," he writes, "in a state of indisposition." * * *

"He was soon returning through South Carolina (after meeting and overcoming Hammond in Charlestown) treading through deep swamps and heavy rains, in dark nights, improving himself as his horseback study, in the Hebrew tones and points. We afterwards trace him in North Carolina, wrestling with floods, his food Indian bread and fried bacon, and his bed not set up on posts, with dashboards laid across, but on the cabin floor." * * * And so on, till he reaches the home of the late General Russel, the brother-in-law, of Patrick Henry, of whom he writes: "I feel the want of the dear man who, I trust, is now in Abraham's bosom. He was a general officer in the Continental army, and underwent great fatigue; he was powerfully brought to God, and for a few years past was a living flame and a blessing to his neighborhood."

Dr. Stevens then proceeds to narrate the advance of Methodism in the North and East in the same felicitous manner, and closes the third volume with the record of the services of Yellabe, Brodhead and Merritt, in New England. The fourth and last volume treats of Methodism in the West, from 1796 to 1820, and also continues the history of the Church and its apostles in the other sections of the country up to the same period, closing with the deaths of Whatecoat, Carle, Lee and Asbury, which took place between 1816 and 1820, and of whom Dr. Stevens eloquently says:

"Thus fell, in arms, but victorious, towards the conclusion of our period, one after another of the most conspicuous heroes of the grand Methodist battle-field of the new world; the last two, and perhaps the two most important in the American history of the denomination, in the very year that completed its first half-century, and all of them giving, by both their great deeds and sublime deaths, a sort of epic grandeur and completeness to the history of the Church down to their epoch. In no place can the historian more appropriately draw the curtain of this singular religious drama.

* * * Its every page has been suggestive of lessons, and it requires no epilogue. It demonstrates an obvious and sublime fact: that Christianity thrown back upon its primordial truths and fears, cannot fail in its very simplicity, humility, charity and power, to attain the mastery of the human soul, to wield the supremacy of the moral world."